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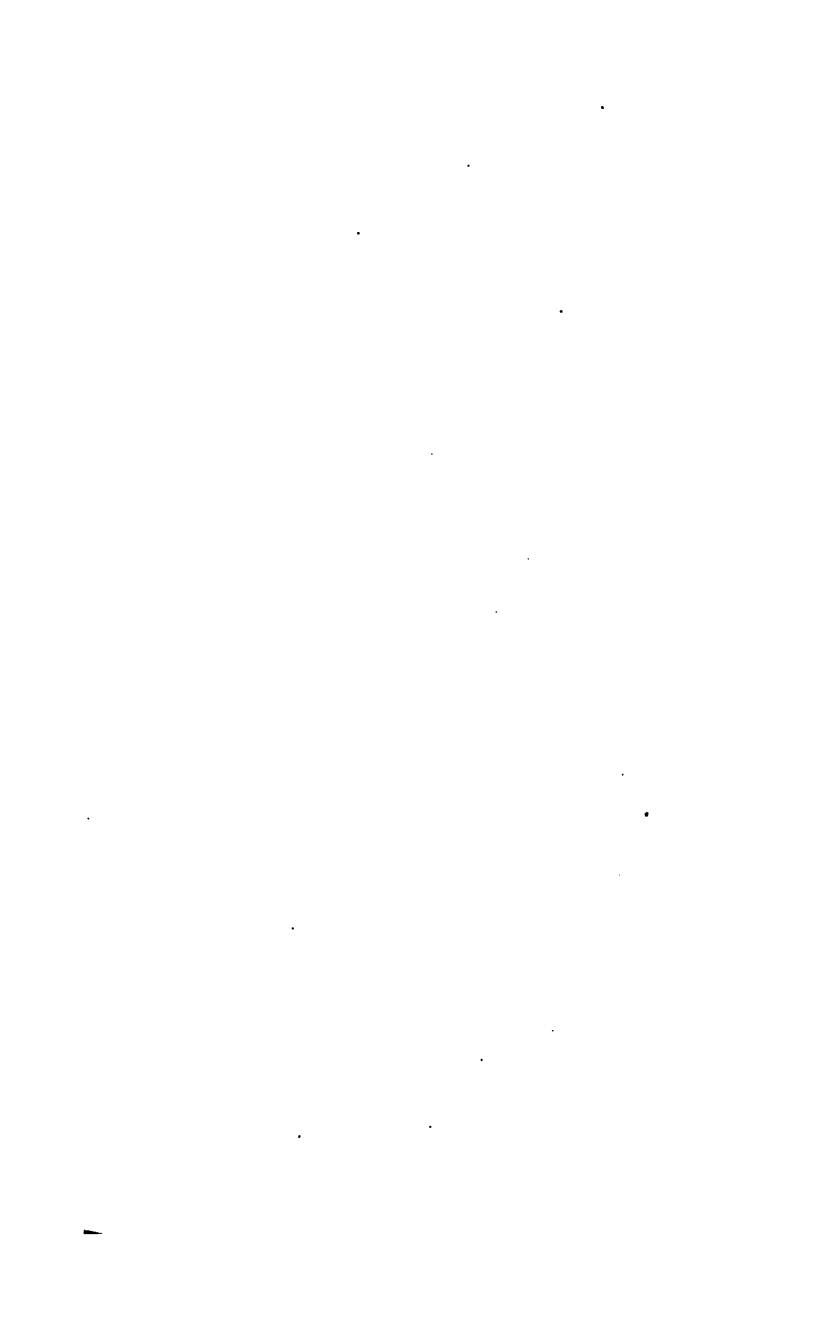
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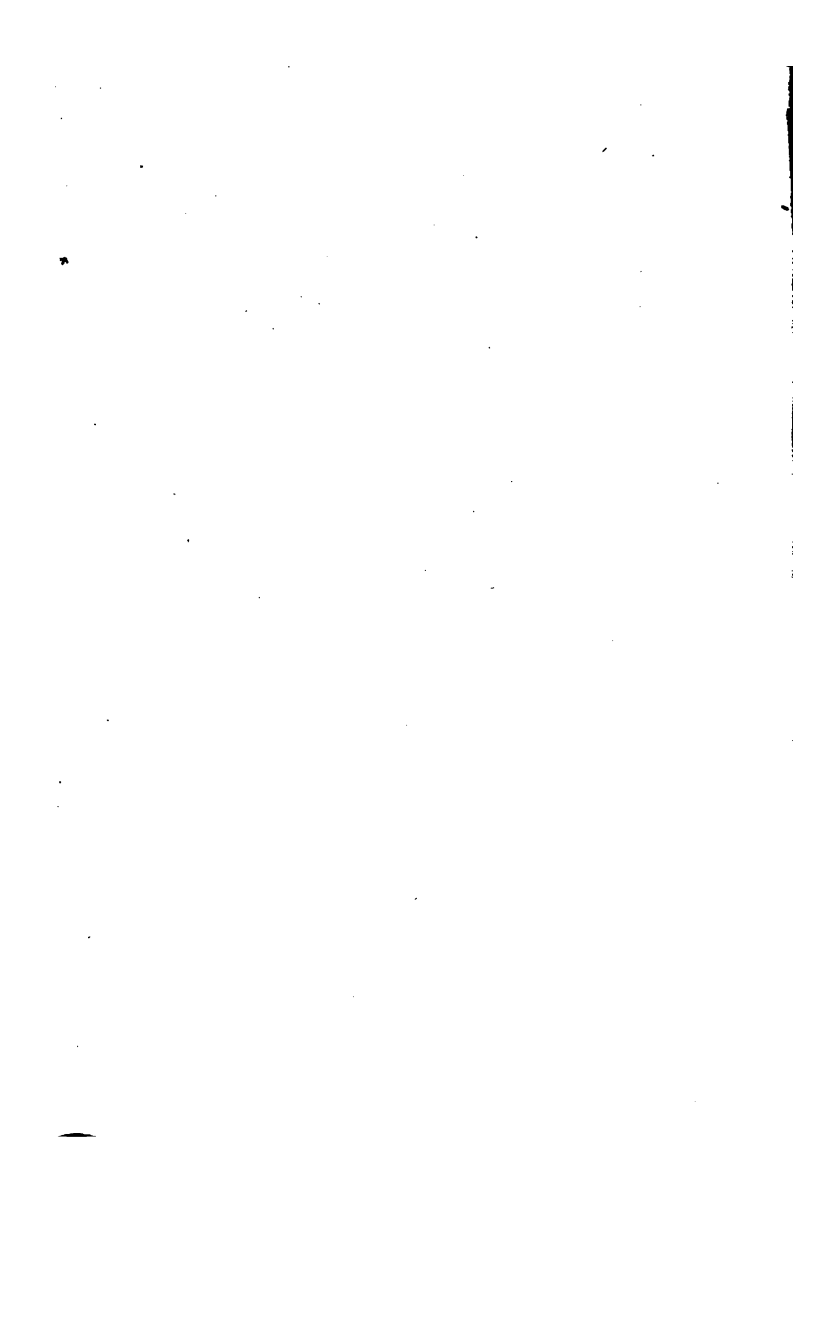


# HEROES OF CHARITY.













'See in every child, a child of God, whose moral and spiritual powers both love and duty demanded should be developed so far as possible.'—*HEROES OF CHARITY*, p. 161.

*(Frontispiece.)*

# HEROES OF CHARITY:

RECORDS FROM THE LIVES

OF

MERCIFUL MEN WHOSE RIGHTEOUSNESS HAS  
NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN.

BY

JAMES F. COBB, F.R.G.S.,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF SUCCESS," "SILENT JIM," ETC.

*"The greatest of these is Charity."*



WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

LONDON: 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND;  
AND EDINBURGH.

1876.

210. m. 558

EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY M'FARLANE AND ERSKINE  
*(late Schenck & M'Farlane),*  
ST JAMES SQUARE.



## PREFACE.

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**T**HE seven good men, the story of whose lives is briefly narrated in this little volume, were as true heroes in the great battle of life as those whose brave and dauntless deeds in war and conflict, poets have sung, and historians eloquently narrated. They endured every kind of hardship, submitted cheerfully to suffering, mockery, and indignity, exercised extreme self-denial, that they might do good to their fellow-men, ease the burdens of oppressed humanity, and elevate the poor, the needy, and the neglected, from degradation, moral ruin, and despair. Recognising the truth of the great Christian doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, and of the common brotherhood of man, they saw in every fellow-creature, however debased and polluted by vice, a brother, one made in the image of God, whose likeness, though blurred and blotted by crime, could still, though often but faintly, be discerned in the sin-stained countenance. To restore in such the Divine image, to guide back the wanderer to the fold, to point to the prodigal, the road which would lead him to his Father's home, was the sublime mission, the noble life-work, of these devoted men, of whom it could truly be said :

“ Even so, who loves the Lord aright,  
No soul of man can worthless find ;  
All will be precious in his sight,  
Since Christ on all has shined.”

History can nowhere present us with a more touching picture of real and persistent heroism, than the self-denying, courageous, patient career of John Howard, the prisoners' friend, who never allowed himself a moment's rest, till he had visited every loathsome dungeon in Europe, loosed the fetters of the captives, and alleviated the countless sufferings of the poor prisoners. Not less a hero, was the benevolent Las Casas, who, weary and footsore, wandered from court to court, and over and over again braved all the perils of the ocean, that he might put an end to the cruelties to which the gentle Indians were subjected, and obtain some measure of justice for this oppressed race. Baron Montyon sacrificing his fortune and his ease that he might everywhere seek out and relieve the wants of suffering humanity ; Falk, Pestalozzi, and Francke, giving up every comfort to provide asylums, refuges, and schools, for poor, neglected, and abandoned children—they, too, were as true heroes as the soldier who, regardless of danger, boldly storms the breach, or fearlessly faces the cannon's mouth. But I have selected only a few out of many, as representative men of the “ Heroes of Charity,” for, thank God, they are to be found in all ages, and in all classes. Well may it be said that the world neither knows nor recognises one-half of its heroes ; and the heroes—and heroines too—of charity, especially in humble life, require to be sought out, to be discovered, for true heroism and true charity seek the shade ; they endeavour to carry out the precept of their Divine Master—“ Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.”

# CONTENTS.



	PAGE
JOHN HOWARD, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND, . . .	I
BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS, THE FRIEND OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS, . . . . .	50
JOHANNES FALK, THE POOR CHILDREN'S FRIEND, .	93
AUGUSTUS HERMANN FRANCKE, THE ORPHANS' FRIEND,	122
HEINRICH PESTALOZZI, THE BENEVOLENT SCHOOL- MASTER, . . . . .	149
BARON AUGET DE MONTYON, THE FRENCH PHILAN- THROPIST, . . . . .	183
VALENTIN HAÜY, THE FRIEND OF THE BLIND, .	210







## HEROES OF CHARITY.

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### JOHN HOWARD.

THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.\*

**J**OHN HOWARD was the chief of philanthropists ; his life has always been regarded as a model of charity ; his name alone stands for benevolence.

Of his early years we know very little ; he was probably born at Clapton in 1726—but some think at Cardington, near Bedford, where his father possessed a small farm. His father was a tradesman who kept an upholsterer's shop at Smithfield, and had a little country box at Enfield, whither, after he had made his fortune, he retired. John Howard's mother died while he was still an infant, and he was placed out to nurse with the wife of a Cardington farmer.

He was a sickly child, and was said to be dull at

\* The facts in Howard's life contained in this sketch, are mainly derived from "John Howard," by Hepworth Dixon.

learning, but every one loved him. His first master was the Rev. John Worsley, who kept a school at Hertford. He passed seven years under his roof, and was subsequently removed to an academy in London, conducted by Mr John Eames, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton's, and a man of great learning and large attainments. When young Howard left school he had made but little progress in his studies. He was deficient in his acquaintance with the classics, for which he felt no vocation, while his knowledge of English was also very imperfect. But as his father destined him for trade, he perhaps acquired as much as was expected of him; he was early removed from Mr Eames's school, and bound as an apprentice to Messrs Newnham and Shipley, wholesale grocers in Watling Street. His father paid down with him £700 as premium. John Howard appears to have entered this service as a duty, his heart was not in the work, and he had no taste for trade, but he did not offer any objection to the path which his father had marked out for him.

On the 9th September 1742, before the period of his apprenticeship had expired, his father died. He left behind him considerable property, which was divided between his son and only daughter, the larger portion being bequeathed to the former, who was also named sole residuary legatee, as soon as he should attain his majority. He was then only seventeen, but the executors of his father's will, confiding in the prudence and discretion, for which he was even then remarkable, allowed him considerable power

over the management of the property. The family house at Clapton was falling into ruin, and he undertook to superintend its restoration, going thither daily to give his directions, and forward the repairs. Here his philanthropic and benevolent spirit was first displayed. A venerable gardener, who lived to the age of ninety, used to delight in recalling anecdotes and reminiscences of his master. His favourite story told how during the restoration of the house, Howard would arrive every morning—never missing a single day—under the buttress of the garden wall, just as the bread cart was passing, when purchasing a loaf he would throw it into the garden, and then entering the gate would cry out laughingly, “Harry ! see if there is not something for you there, among the cabbages.”

Howard was no sooner his own master, than he sought to terminate his apprenticeship, and at once arranged for the purchase of the remainder of his time. He next determined to inform his mind and restore his health—which, never good, had recently from confinement and laborious occupation, entirely given way—by foreign travel. He visited France and Italy; in the former he probably obtained that correct knowledge of French, which was afterwards so useful to him in his travels. Mind and body benefited alike by the step he had taken, his health was gradually restored, and his intellect enlightened and enlarged. He fervently loved art and all that pertained to it. He visited all the galleries of note which lay in his way, and purchased as many works of art as his re-

sources permitted ; these he reserved for the embellishment of his favourite house at Cardington.

On his return to England, as London still disagreed with his health, he went to live at Stoke-Newington, quietly as an invalid. Even at that early age, Howard was too much master of himself, to fall into the customary errors of youth. His pursuits and pleasures had the gravity of manhood. He was surrounded by books, he attended to his religious exercises, he deeply interested himself in the more familiar branches of natural philosophy, he studied the theory of medicine, in which he acquired much knowledge, afterwards so useful to him during his visits of mercy. He lived in the most abstemious manner, considering that he thereby benefited his health. He subdued his physical frame by the power of his will.

John Howard's father was a Calvinistic dissenter, a strict Puritan. The son, always religiously disposed, now resolved publicly to avow his faith and to confess Christ before men. He was therefore admitted as a member of the Independent body, under the cure of Mr Meredith Townsend of Stoke-Newington. He soon after displayed his charitable disposition by starting a subscription to purchase a dwelling-house for the minister, to which he himself contributed fifty pounds.

He lodged at Stoke-Newington with a widow of fifty-two, a Mrs Loidore ; he was then twenty-five. She showed him the greatest care and attention, and *proved herself to be* an active and able nurse during

a serious attack of illness he had in her house. His life was daily despaired of, but in the end he rallied. It was to her constant and considerate devotion to him that he attributed his recovery. For long did he meditate on the means by which he could express his gratitude to this good woman. At last he came to a strange resolution—viz., that the only fitting return he could think of was to make her his wife. She was naturally astonished, and raised various objections—as the inequality of their years, the difference of their fortunes, social position, and so forth, but to no purpose. Howard's mind was made up, he gave her twenty-four hours for consideration, threatening in the event of her refusal, to go abroad. She consented at last, they were married, and contrary to general expectation, neither party to the contract, had reason to regret it. However, their union was but short. She had never, all her life, known the blessing of a day's good health; now she gradually failed, and died in 1755, in the third year of their marriage, sincerely deplored by her sorrowing husband.

The week of her death was a turning point in Howard's life. From private, he was called away to public griefs. Before his wife was buried in the churchyard of St Mary's, Whitechapel, the news arrived in England that Lisbon had been suddenly destroyed by earthquake and fire. Sixty thousand of the poor inhabitants had perished. The demon of terror had never so speedily and powerfully stirred the earth. *Hearts in England* warmed towards the sufferers.

Private persons sent aid in various ways, and Parliament, to its honour, though in the midst of a great war, and in a time of scarcity at home, granted a relief of one hundred thousand pounds.

Howard, widowed and bereaved, felt called to sorrows greater than his own. No plan occurred to him, but he felt that in the midst of so much misery, where the poor were dying in their tents from hunger, cold, and sickness, strong hands and willing minds would soon find their duty; the great point was to go, to see the work for himself. He broke up his establishment at Stoke-Newington, distributing the greater portion of his furniture among the poor, and settling the whole of his late wife's little property on her sister; then, attended by a single servant, he took his berth on board the Lisbon packet, the "Hanover." All Europe was entering on war. England and France were already fighting on the high seas and in every part of the world, and the narrow seas were swept by innumerable privateers.

But John Howard feared neither storms nor pirates, his heart was set on the relief of the sick, the hungry, and the desolate; but those scenes of misery were not to be reached. His hand was to find other work to do: the "Hanover" was captured by a French privateer, the crew and passengers were all carried into Brest, and treated with the utmost barbarity. Before reaching that port, Howard was kept without food and even water, for forty hours. When the *prisoners were at length* landed, he was confined with

many others in the castle of the town, in a dark, damp, and filthy dungeon, where, after several hours a leg of mutton was at last brought and thrown at them—like flesh to wild beasts—which the starving captives tore to pieces, with their hands and teeth, devouring it with almost ferocious voracity. In this dungeon, thus fed, the prisoners were detained for a week, compelled to sleep on the cold floor; they were then removed and separated, Howard being sent to Carpaix, and his servant to Dinan. During his imprisonment, he gained ample evidence of English captives being treated with such barbarity, “that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day.” Unhappily it cannot be denied that the same barbarities were also being perpetrated on the English coast, towards the enemy.

Impressed with the mild but dignified bearing of his prisoner, the gaoler to whose custody Howard was committed, liberated him, and allowed him to reside in the town, on his word being given that he would not escape. He was housed, fed, and supplied with money by the person with whom he lodged, and suffered to depart for England with no other guarantee for repayment, than his own promise. The French government permitted him to return, that he might, with greater chance of success, persuade that of England to make a suitable exchange for him, on simply pledging his honour that if unsuccessful in the attempt, he would instantly return to his captivity.

*On arriving in London, he would receive no con-*



gratulations on the recovery of his freedom, till the conditions on which he had accepted his liberty, were complied with. After much trouble, and very painful delays, the necessary exchange was effected. He now used every means in his power to procure the release of his fellow-captives, some of whom were at Dinan, others at Morlaix and Carpaix; he made a pathetic appeal to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen, portraying the miseries and privations to which the gallant but unfortunate men, were exposed. An arrangement was made between the courts of England and France, and Howard soon had the pleasure of knowing, that his efforts had caused the restoration of his fellow-prisoners in Brittany to their liberty and country, and had mitigated the miseries of many others. "The friend of the captive," as he was already called, had the satisfaction of receiving the thanks of the commissioners, for his timely information.

He now retired to Cardington, which henceforth became his home. He devised plans for the comfort of his tenants, administered to the wants of the neighbouring poor, and amused himself by scientific researches. His life was one of quiet study, and practical benevolence. On 25th April 1758 he married a second time. This match was altogether a suitable one. Henrietta Leeds of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire, was about his own age, and of his own social rank. Amiable and ardently attached to her husband, she cheerfully seconded all his plans of benevolence. *Within a short period of her marriage she sold the*

greater part of her jewels, and applied the money to the formation of a fund, for the relief of the sick and destitute of the village.

The house at Cardington was now rebuilt and enlarged; the gardens and grounds laid out afresh. But the attention of the newly-married couple was not confined to their own comfort. Howard had formed a plan for improving the dwellings of the poor on his estate. He did not believe that the wealth he had inherited from his parent, was altogether his own. He looked upon it as a deposit which God had given into his hands for the common benefit of mankind. His assistance was always available to those in pain or want; his sympathy was as warm as his munificence was wide; but improvement, not charity, was in every case his object. Cardington, when he went to reside there, was one of the most miserable villages in England. With characteristic energy he set to work to improve the state of the people, both in a worldly and spiritual sense. His first step was to make the homes of his four tenants fit for self-respecting men to live in. He pulled down the mud huts, and built a number of superior cottages in their stead, which he let out on the same terms as the wretched hovels. His next step was to establish a number of schools in the vicinity. In a few years, from being one of the worst, Cardington became one of the most orderly and prosperous hamlets in the kingdom. The cottages were neat, clean, and comfortable; the poor themselves honest, sober, industrious, well in-

formed, and religious. All this was the work of one benevolent man, seconded by the endeavours of his truly charitable wife. But this happy life, in so sweet a retreat, so rich in blessing to all around them, came suddenly to a sad and unexpected end. Mrs Howard, after giving birth to a son, their first and only child, died on 31st March 1765. As she was supposed to be on the road to recovery, the blow was utterly unforeseen. Indescribable was the grief of the bereaved husband. Henceforth the sunniest side of his life was blank and dark. But religion, which had always been the vital principle of his life, now came to his aid, and enabled him to bow with resignation to the stroke that laid his dearest enjoyments in the dust. His love for his wife had been a passion ; and to the latest hour of his existence he cherished her memory with a mixture of fond regret and melancholy pleasure. Mrs Howard was a Churchwoman. In the morning, therefore, her husband was in the habit of attending divine worship with her at the parish church, though he remained a Nonconformist all his life. In the care of his infant son, in his devotions, in the management of his estates, and of his schools, and in attending to the welfare of the people, he strove, at first, to find some antidotes to his affliction. But towards the close of 1766, his health was so bad that his physicians ordered immediate change of air and scene. He visited Bath and London, and next year made a short tour in Holland. He then returned to Cardington, *and resumed his exertions there ; but he could not*

endure the melancholy associations of the past, and again resolved to travel—this time to Italy. From the notes made during this journey, which have been preserved, he appears at that period to have dedicated his soul in a more formal and solemn manner to God, and to have devoted his active energies, to his fellow-creatures. His piety had been fervent from his youth. Chastened by affliction, it now burned up with a new and brighter flame, and his whole being assumed a loftier and serener aspect.

He travelled through France, Italy, Germany, and Holland ; but on his return to England, his health again declined. Neither were the wounds of his mind thoroughly healed, but he busied himself more than ever, with his schools and cottage building, leading, as usual, a life of active benevolence. In 1773 he was nominated to the office of high sheriff of Bedfordshire. As the Test Act was then in force, he was, as a dissenter, disqualified for this office, on the ground of non-communion with the Established Church. He had no choice between a refusal of the proffered post on conscientious grounds, or its acceptance without complying with the ordinary forms, thus braving the law, and taking the consequences at his personal peril. He chose the latter course—a bold proceeding, as the penalties to which he was liable were very severe ; for as he became high sheriff, without previously receiving the Holy Communion at church, any mercenary individual might have sued him before the courts for a penalty of £500, besides disqualifying

him from holding any office in church or state, from suing any person whatsoever, however grievously he might be injured, from prosecuting the most just demands, and from holding at any time the office of guardian or executor. Howard's determination was a bold one ; but he was not the man to shrink from personal peril, where a principle was at stake. Having accepted the office, Howard at once set about the discharge of its serious and responsible duties. He prepared to superintend in person the administration of justice. The criminal world was new to him. During the intervals of his attendance at court, he visited and inspected the prison with great minuteness. Not a cell was overlooked, every abuse was brought to light.

To one of Howard's creed, Bedford gaol was almost a sacred spot, for here John Bunyan had been confined, and composed his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Here his investigations in prisons began, and with them a new chapter in the social history of our country, was opened. In his introduction to his great work on the state of prisons, he observes—"The circumstance which excited me to activity in the prisoner's behalf, was the seeing some who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*, . . . after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, etc. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler, in lieu of his fees. The

bench . . . was willing to grant the relief desired, but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent, but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them; and looking into the prisons I beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate." Such was the commencement of that grand and noble work which has made the name of John Howard famous throughout the world as the prince of philanthropists. In Bedford gaol the dungeons for felons were eleven feet below the ground; and the inmates had to sleep on the *wet* floor. A person who, in those days, was imprisoned for debt, after he had settled with his creditor, could not obtain his release till he could fee the gaoler 15s. 4d. and the turnkey 2s., and he was thrust back into his dungeon literally *to rot*, for in those days that expression had the naked and terrible significance of truth. The same course was adopted with persons accused of crime, if declared *not guilty*. For being innocent, a poor man might be imprisoned for life!

Some good people had now and then been horror-struck by the reports of sufferings endured in gaols. A committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had, in 1701, been nominated to visit Newgate (where the disorders were notorious), and other gaols. Dr Bray, who was at the head of this inspection, gave the most deplorable accounts of all they had seen. Every prison in the land, from the

had no straw allowed them to sleep on. Beds for prisoners were never thought of in those days. At Salisbury, prisoners were chained together at Christmas time, and then sent into the city to beg ; the gaoler made his living by farming out the diet of his victims. At Ely, the gaol belonged to the bishop. The building was rickety and ruinous. Of this the wardens were aware, but instead of strengthening the walls and doors, they adopted the cheaper plan of chaining the prisoners on their backs to the floor, having under them several bars of iron, and fastening an iron collar, with long sharp spikes, round their necks, and a heavy iron bar over their legs, to prevent attempts at escape. About a year before Howard's visit, a spirited magistrate had brought these atrocious cruelties before the king's notice ; an inquiry was instituted, and in 1768 Bishop Mawson was compelled to repair the gaol, but in spite of these improvements it was still in a filthy, miserable condition, when Howard entered it. The gaoler had no salary, there was no chapel for public worship, no surgeon to attend the sick. At Exeter he found that the felons' gaol was the private property of one John Rolle, who received for it £22 a-year, paid by the keeper, which he obtained by fees from the prisoners ; the surgeon here was excused by contract from attending any prisoner in the cells who might be suffering from gaol fever.

The unsleeping energies of the great philanthropist had now found their fitting work ; he threw himself into it with all the enthusiasm of his nature. The

crusade had commenced in earnest. In a series of journeys he had travelled over the whole of England, to the north, south, east, and finally to the west. He was never satisfied till he had explored the lowest and most wretched dungeon of every prison. Many an innocent person, detained till he could pay the gaoler's fees, and without the means or hope of obtaining deliverance, was set at liberty by his generosity, in paying the demand. In most of the prisons he had found the dungeons underground, damp, cold, and pestilential; their wretched inmates, deprived even of a sufficient quantity of pure water, pined and languished under these accumulated sufferings, till that fatal scourge, the gaol fever, carried them off by hundreds. Bad as the prisons were physically, they were even worse morally. Debtors and felons, young thieves and hoary-headed villains, guilty and innocent, tried and untried—often even male and female—were confined in the same dungeon, with nothing to do but to corrupt and demoralise each other.

Public attention about this period, was directed to the subject of prisons, and especially to the injustice of incarcerating a man, declared *not guilty*, on the pretence of a claim for fees. In February 1773, Mr Popham, the member for Taunton, brought in a bill to abolish gaolers' fees, substituting for them a salary paid out of the county rates. The bill was, after passing a second reading, withdrawn, to be amended. Meanwhile the two men most anxious for a reform in these matters came together, and before Howard started



for his western tour, the plan of campaign in the legislature, had been agreed upon, between them and their mutual friends.

Howard was now examined on the subject by the House of Commons ; his testimony against the manifold abuses of the penal system, was logical and conclusive. He was publicly thanked by the supreme legislature of the country for his philanthropic exertions,—an honour seldom accorded to other than the heroes of war and conquest.

Not yet satisfied with his investigations, he now resolved to renew them. The gaols of London were still unknown to him ; he set to work to visit them all. He daily traversed the vast area of the metropolis, penetrating into all kinds of dark nooks and corners. Nothing was too obscure to escape his vigilance, nor too paltry for his visitations. Petty prisons, belonging to courts, manors, and liberties, the existence of which was scarcely suspected, till he discovered them, were explored and reported upon. There was one of these in Whitechapel, used for the confinement of debtors in sums of between £2 and £5. For these trifling amounts, twenty-five persons were incarcerated ; the gaoler had to share with the lady of the manor—the private owner of the prison—the proceeds of his extortion, to the extent of £24 a-year. This was only a sample of many others.

On 31st March 1774, Mr Popham brought forward his two bills for the better regulation of prisons, which *in due course* received the sanction of the legislature

and the Crown. By these all fees were abolished, persons declared *not guilty*, were to be immediately set at liberty, the gaoler was to receive a salary out of the county rate, the walls of the prisons were to be whitewashed once a year, the rooms to be regularly washed and ventilated, infirmaries were to be provided for the sick, confinement in underground dungeons to be prevented, if possible, and such measures taken as shall tend to restore, and preserve the prisoners' health.

The passing of these humane laws caused infinite satisfaction to Howard, but his work was not yet ended ; he felt that he must now personally overlook the enforcement of these acts. That no time might be lost in rendering them operative, he caused them to be printed in larger character, at his own expense, and sent a copy of them to every warder and gaoler in the kingdom.

He started on a visit to the prisons of Wales, where gaol fever and small-pox were prevailing terribly ; he then travelled again into Devonshire and Cornwall, where he found that Plymouth could boast of eminence in the way of prison horrors. The gaol had a room for felons called "the Chink," 17 feet long, 8 feet wide, and only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, so that a person of ordinary stature could not stand erect in it. This diabolical dungeon was dark and stifling, having neither air nor light, except such as could struggle through a wicket in the door. Yet Howard learned, with horror, that men had been kept in this den for two

months ; they would have died of suffocation, had not each in turn crouched at the wicket to catch a breath of air. When Howard saw it, the door had not been opened for five weeks, when he ordered the bolts to be withdrawn, and entry to be made ; the indescribable stench would have driven back any less courageous visitor, yet Howard forced his way in, and found there a miserable wretch, who declared to him that he would prefer being executed at once, to being buried any longer in this loathsome dungeon. With his usual chariness of words Howard thus describes it : "The whole is dirty, and has not been whitewashed for many years ; no court, no water, no straw."

Persuaded rather by his friends, than to gratify any feelings of personal ambition, Howard consented to come forward, in conjunction with his neighbour, Mr Whitbread, as a candidate to represent Bedford, in the House of Commons. Though a Dissenter, so greatly was he respected, that many both of the clergy and laity of the English Church cordially acted with Howard's committee, to secure his return. He was, however, unsuccessful, and seems to have been grieved and disappointed, at the result.

His next journey was to Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England. With the state of the prisons in Ireland, the philanthropist seems to have been much gratified. His visit to Scotland was brief, but honourable to himself, and of signal service to that part of the kingdom. At Glasgow he was kindly received *by all ranks and classes*, was invested with the free-

dom of the city, and treated in public and private as became his merits, and their intelligence.

On his return from this journey it was his intention to have arranged his papers, and given them to the world ; but to render his plan more complete, he determined to travel into France, Germany, and Holland, to inspect the prisons in those countries. He left England in 1775. Paris was his first halting-place. Here the prisons were rigorously closed against the traveller's researches. He fortunately discovered that there was an old law, which directed the keepers of prisons in Paris, to admit all persons who were desirous of bestowing alms on the prisoners. But the law had so fallen into disuse, that although he had provided himself with it, yet he was still refused admission, until he obtained an authorisation from the commissary of prisons, to inspect the Grand Chatelet and others. He was thus able to speak with, and examine almost every inmate of the great civil prisons of Paris ; but of course this advantage was procured at not a little outlay in charities. The dungeons he visited, were dark, damp, and noisome beyond description. Many lost their lives by diseases ; many more the use of their limbs ; in the severe winter of 1775, hundreds of persons perished within the walls of the Bicetre, from cold.

Into the ominous fortress of the Bastile, Howard found it impossible to penetrate. Neither the influence of the English ambassador nor of his Parisian friends, *availed to open its gates.* It was dangerous

even to speak of this fortress, and he who once entered its gloomy portal, very rarely quitted it. Being resolved not to leave Paris without some glimpse of this dark world, Howard one day presented himself at the outer gate, rang the bell, and, on its being opened by the officer in charge, boldly stepped in, passed the sentry, walked coolly through a file of guards, and advanced as far as the great drawbridge of the inner court. While he was contemplating the dismal structure, an officer ran towards him, agitated and surprised at the apparition of a stranger in the place. Howard perceiving that his manner was threatening and suspicious, thought it prudent to retreat, repassing the guard, who were mute with astonishment, at this strange temerity.

This adventure did not diminish his interest in the Bastile. With difficulty he procured a pamphlet written on the subject, by one who had been confined there, and which was interdicted by the Government. This he translated and published in England. It was read in every country in Europe, and gave horrible details of the sufferings of those, confined in this huge fortress. The French Government never forgave this offence. On the whole Howard saw much to admire in French provincial prisons, as compared with those of England. The common prisons were generally clean and fresh, they had no gaol distemper, there were no irons used, and there was food in abundance.

*From Paris he proceeded to Brussels, and thence*

to Ghent, where the *Maison de la Force*, a prison built by the States of Austrian Flanders, was then regarded as the model prison of Europe, offering the most striking contrasts to the arrangements of English prisons. The convicts were properly lodged, fed, clothed, instructed, worked. Order and cleanliness prevailed; there was no drunkenness, no irons, no riot, no starvation.

The philanthropist next proceeded to Holland, which at that period was far in advance of the rest of Europe, in all that related to the law and administration, of penal science. In the whole of Amsterdam there had not been a single execution for ten years; and, at the period of Howard's visit to that city, there were only six delinquents confined in the gaols, and only eighteen debtors.

In the north of Germany, he found that the prisons had but few tenants, and their condition was on the whole satisfactory; but in several towns, and notably in Osnaburg and Hanover, of which George III. was then sovereign, the execrable practice of torturing prisoners, was still kept up. This was in the year 1774—only a hundred years ago!

In almost every country which Howard visited, he had found the prisoners employed. This was the greatest contrast to the usage in England. Hard work, in fact, was the chief correctional agent in operation abroad. In England, confinement was considered enough. On the Continent, the prisoners were for the greater part employed in cleansing the streets,

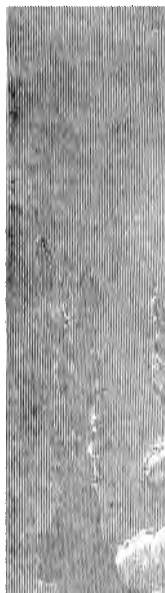
repairing the highways, cutting stone, etc., all which labour was useful to the state, while it inured the culprit to habits of industry.

Howard, on landing at Dover, inspected the gaol at that port, which he found in as miserable a condition as those already described in his notes. He then retired to Cardington to enjoy a short repose after his travels, only quitting it once to pay a visit to Chelmsford, where the gaol fever had been raging with great fury. He had now collected a mass of materials for his work, such as no human being had ever gathered on the same subject, the result of unwearied toil, time, devotion, and expense. But he was not satisfied yet, there were still many gaols, bridewells, and houses of correction, which he had overlooked, and which must be included in his account ; for this purpose he resolved to make another complete tour of the country. From November 1775 to May 1776, was spent in this manner. His influence now had made itself felt ; no neglect could escape his vigilance ; petty tyrants learned to quail before an eye as stern as it was mild. In many prisons where his suggestions had been carried out, there was great improvement. So conscious was he of the advantages derived from this revision of his former observations, that he resolved to make another journey over the Continent, and to visit the gaols of countries he had not yet seen, before committing his work to the press.

He started at once, arriving in Paris in June 1776. Horrors met him in the prisons at Lyons, but in







VIEW OF GENEVA, THE ALPS, AND MONT BLANC.—HEROES OF CHARITY. 10 25

Geneva he found only five criminals in gaol and no debtors. Throughout Switzerland, he found no person in fetters, each prisoner had a separate cell, warmed artificially, and strongly built ; the greater the crime, the darker the cell. In many countries the gaols were empty. At Berne, all the criminals were kept to hard servile labour—indeed, work was the principal element of the Swiss system of punishment and reform. After inspecting a torture chamber in Germany, and again visiting Holland—to which country he grew more and more partial—he returned to England, more deeply impressed than ever, with the superiority of continental nations generally, in the science of prison discipline, over his own.

Three years had now been occupied travelling at home and abroad, amassing materials for his great work, in the course of which he had travelled 13,418 miles. Still not content, he pursued his investigations and made another complete inspection of the metropolitan prisons. Assisted by his friends Dr Aikin and Dr Price, the sheets were now prepared for the press ; at last the great work was completed, printed at Warrington, and given to the world. Howard not only presented copies to the press, to public bodies and every considerable person in England, but sold it at so low a price, that had every copy been purchased the proceeds would not have paid the outlay, on the mere printing and paper. It consisted of 520 quarto pages, with four large plates.

An appendix was afterwards added, which went through two editions.

The "State of Prisons" created an extraordinary sensation; it had been long and anxiously looked for, and was received with great favour by the public; it marked an epoch in the history of social jurisprudence. The system of laws in England was at that time so severe, that it might almost be likened to a Reign of Terror. The most trivial offences were capital: men were hung for stealing deer, killing, or wounding cattle, for cutting down or destroying trees, for even cutting a hop band on a hop plantation. Forgery, smuggling, uttering base coin, even shoplifting, or stealing from a barge on the river, to the value of 5s., were capital crimes. Such were the diabolical laws that existed in Howard's time. Of 678 executions from 1749 to 1771, only 72 were for murder.

The war between Great Britain and her American colonies had put an end to the system of transporting convicts. The gaols were now fuller than ever; the hulk system was tried; and Howard, when examined concerning it before a committee of the House of Commons, declared that with good management, it was in his opinion, preferable to transportation. His own idea was to confine convicts in a great penal work prison; he wished to see introduced a discipline of work.<sup>1</sup> Influenced by his arguments and experience, ministers appointed his friends, Sir William Blackstone and Mr Eden, to prepare the draught of a bill for the creation of such an estab-

lishment. Howard at once prepared to start for Holland, to procure more precise information concerning the spin and rasp houses of that country. He proposed also to extend his journey into the north, east, and south of Europe. At the Hague he was nearly killed by a runaway horse dashing against him in the street. On his recovery he resumed his inquiries, and was everywhere impressed with the superiority of the criminal police of Holland, over that of England.

His reputation had now spread over Europe, and wherever he went he was received with honour. At Berlin he was sumptuously lodged, and mixed in the best society ; he was, on the whole, pleased with the prisons of that city. Spandau and Magdeburg he found not so bad, as their reputation. Of the prisons of Vienna he speaks in mixed terms of censure and commendation. From Germany he passed through Styria into Illyria ; thence to Venice, where he visited the renowned dungeons of that romantic city. At Rome he found much to approve, but still more to condemn, in the criminal institutions of the States of the Church. Not all his influence could obtain for him an entrance into the dungeons of the Inquisition, which he longed to inspect. With the hospital of St Michele for juvenile offenders, he was delighted. On his return voyage from Naples to Leghorn, he met with a fearful storm, and was several times nearly shipwrecked, for as the vessel in which he sailed was suspected of coming from a port where the plague

prevailed, they were refused permission to enter any harbour. The hospitable governor of the island of Gorgona, however, at last received them, and here they remained a week, till the tempest abated, when they reached Leghorn in safety.

At Milan the prison discipline met with his approval. The *casa di correzione* there, was precisely such a building as he wished to see introduced into England ; it combined the two great features of labour and instruction. He returned through Switzerland, Germany, and France, having travelled on this tour 4600 miles.

Having been told in France that French prisoners in England suffered greater hardships than any he had witnessed endured in France by the English, his first care on reaching London was to call on the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen, to tell them what he had heard, and of his determination to discover if the statements were true. The commissioners received him with courtesy, and gave him every assistance in their power. He then went to Cardington to spend Christmas with his son, and immediately afterwards, set out on a new tour of inspection, one of the longest and most laborious he had taken, occupying from January till the end of November 1779, in the course of which he traversed nearly every county in England, Ireland, and Scotland, travelling no less than 6990 miles. On the whole, he was satisfied with this new inspection. Some of the worst abuses had been removed, the gaols

almost universally, were cleaner, healthier, more orderly. The episcopal gaols of Ely and Durham, with a few others, were still exceptions.

Meanwhile, acts had passed Parliament for building two penitentiary houses, to try the great experiment of home correctional discipline. Government named Howard first supervisor of this undertaking. It was only at the urgent request of his friends, that he accepted the offer. His two colleagues were Dr Fothergill and Mr Whatley, Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital.

A dispute arose at the outset on the choice of a site, and after endless controversy and much waste of time—during which both Dr Fothergill, his colleague, and Sir W. Blackstone, his friend and influential patron, died—Howard determined to give up the post ; and with his retirement, the project, which had probably never been seriously entertained by the Ministry, was abandoned, and the Botany Bay transportation scheme, adopted in its stead.

There were still unexplored regions on the Continent, and in 1781, Howard, now free from all engagements, sailed, in spite of the war then raging, to Ostend, and travelled through Holland and Germany to Copenhagen. In Denmark he observed whipping-posts at the gates of towns, and gibbets and wheels erected on eminences, on which the bodies of malefactors were sometimes left to rot. Beheading was the usual mode of capital punishment, but for heinous crimes the wheel was still used. The prisons were in

a terrible condition. Howard found 143 slaves in chains, many quite naked, in two rooms, not ten feet high, containing a double tier of beds.

Crossing the Sound into Sweden, he was delighted with the cheerful aspect of the towns and villages there, but all the gaols were filthy ; no irons, however, were used in them. The prisons in Stockholm showed the common vices of our English gaols more than any others on the Continent.

He now turned to Russia, then ruled by the iron will of Catherine. Howard's reputation was now so wide-spread, that wherever his presence was expected, preparations were made to receive him, and prisons, hospitals, and houses of correction, were cleaned up for review. Against this he took all possible precautions, and nowhere was it more necessary to do so than in Russia, then the country of tricks, pretension, pantomime, and imposture, where pasteboard villages sprang up on imperial estates, and picturesque peasants were made to order, by a Muscovite showman.

Though he took every possible means to avoid recognition, he was discovered immediately on his arrival at St Petersburg, and invited by the empress to Court. His reply was, that he had come to visit the dungeon of the captive, and the abode of the wretched—not the palaces and courts of kings and empresses. Of the favourite Prince Potemkin, however, he saw much. This strange genius encouraged Howard to proceed, offered him every facility, and assured him that his book should, immediately after

its appearance in London, be translated into Russian.

Howard found the system of serfdom or slavery universally prevailing in the country; *debtors*, too, were considered in much the same light as slaves. The Russian gaols were guarded by the military; they were over-crowded, hot, and offensive; there was no regular allowance of food, and the prisoners were generally in irons.

He witnessed the infliction of the punishment of the knout on a man and woman, of which he gives a terribly graphic account. Determined to find out what had become of the former of these victims, he suddenly visited the executioner, who, alarmed at his presence, confessed that the criminal had been purposely whipped to death.

With the hospitals and educational establishments at St Petersburg, Howard was much pleased. After visiting Moscow and Warsaw—in the latter city encountering the most miserable objects he had ever seen—he passed through Germany and Holland, and returned to England to pass the Christmas holidays with his boy, at Cardington.

In January 1782 he began a new series of prison inspections in England, Ireland, and Scotland, which occupied him for the entire year. He obtained justice to prisoners whenever it was denied them; he got the dismissal of a surgeon on board an hospital ship at Portsmouth, who culpably neglected his duty to the sufferers. He relieved the wants of 338 Dutch



prisoners of war, who were almost naked and starving on the banks of the Severn. So many, so great, and so full of self-sacrifice were his actions, that he became invested by the imagination of the multitude with a halo of sanctity and heroism. He quelled an alarming riot at the prison of the Savoy, where the mutineers, two hundred strong, had killed two of their keepers, and got entire possession of the prison. Alone and unarmed he entered the building and effected his purpose. By giving *his* word that their grievances should be carefully looked into, the rioters quietly suffered themselves to be led back to their cells.

The next Christmas was spent at Cardington, but early in 1783 he sailed for Lisbon, and found the prisons of Portugal in some respects superior to those of England. He now travelled into Spain through Toledo to Madrid, carefully inspecting the prisons and hospitals on his route. He found the country abounding in charitable institutions, and containing few beggars. In some places the rack and wheel were still used, irons were common, and, except in the capital, the prisons were fearfully dirty. He was as unsuccessful in Spain, as he had been in Rome, in his attempts, to obtain a glimpse of the Inquisition.

At Valladolid he was shown a portion of it. On seeing some doors which he was not allowed to enter, and on being told that none but prisoners entered those rooms, he requested to be confined there for a month, to satisfy his curiosity. "None come out

under three years, and they take the vow of secrecy," was the reply.

Travelling home through Paris, he rejoiced to find a great improvement in the state of the prisons there, as well as the growth of a more kindly and humane spirit. At Lille he caught a violent fever, in visiting some sick debtors in a noisome cell, of which he nearly died. At Ghent he found that the "*Maison de la Force*," formerly the model prison for all Europe, was completely changed—filth where he had left cleanliness, idleness where he had seen industry, sickness where he had known health. One man had done it all, and he one of the most benevolent and best intentioned monarchs who ever sat upon a throne. Joseph II., having been persuaded that the works conducted here, were injurious to the manufactures of his empire, had ordered them to be discontinued. No mistake could have been greater, as experience soon proved.

Scarcely had he arrived in London than he began another series of home inspections, which lasted till the end of the year; the entire results he gave to the public, in a second appendix to his great work. And then for a while he retired to his favourite Cardington, to look after his cottages and schools, to enjoy the society of his friends, and to assist in forming the character of his son, now growing up to manhood, a gay and somewhat irregular youth, who had already given his father much trouble, and subsequently caused him the bitterest grief.

It is strange, considering how delicate Howard's health had been in early life, that he should have been able with impunity to accomplish so much, and constantly to brave the inspection of fever-haunted dungeons. He appeared to bear a charmed life. God was about his footsteps. His manner of living was singular; he ate no meat, drank neither wine nor spirits, bathed daily in cold water, rose and went to bed early. "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being," he says, "temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, 'I fear no evil.'"

In his earlier journeys he was accompanied generally by one servant, John Prole. Well mounted, they would ride about forty miles a-day. Howard would stop at the best hotels, and to avoid any display of his simple diet, which he feared might be considered a pretext for parsimony, he would order his dinner with beer and wine, but always leave it untasted. Waiters and postillions he paid munificently; he was well known on all the roads, and his humours were appreciated.

During his earlier tours on the Continent he was alone, for Prole having married, he would not separate him from his family; but latterly he had promoted a youth named Thomasson to be the companion of his pilgrimages. He was devoted to *his master*, but he had many vices, and exercised

an evil influence on his son, in whose dissipation he shared.

For twelve years Howard's energies had been addressed to one great object; he had traversed every country on the Continent, except Turkey, inspected the gaols of all the great cities, travelled upwards of 42,000 miles, and spent on these travels, in relieving the sick and giving liberty to captives, upwards of £30,000. His career thus seemed ended, and he retired to his estates at Cardington in the spring of 1784, but there was no repose for him in the comparative idleness of ordinary life. He felt that he still had a mission to accomplish. His mind had latterly been much occupied by the subject of that enemy to mankind, *the Plague*; he wished to investigate the terrors of this disease as well as the conditions of the lazarettos. For this object he determined to undertake a fresh journey, and this time, alone. He started in November 1785. It was a truly sublime and apostolic idea; he wished to confront the deadly pest in its chosen seats, and at the risk of his life to win if possible the secrets of its causes, mode of propagation, and remedy. His plan was, after visiting the quarantine establishments at the Mediterranean ports, to encounter the dreadful contagion bodily in Smyrna and Constantinople, and obtain if practicable a knowledge of its nature.

As the most important quarantine establishment in Europe was at that time at Marseilles, Howard felt it essential that his inquiries should commence at that

port. Through the English Minister of Foreign Affairs he requested authorisation from the French Government to inspect it; but instead of this, Howard was not only refused permission to visit the lazaretto, but was peremptorily forbidden to enter France at all, on pain of being sent to the Bastille, about which he had been once so curious. The reason was that the French Government bore him a grudge on account of the pamphlet he had translated and published, several years before, about that state prison.

In spite of the remonstrances of friends, he chose the path of peril and usefulness; the French police were then the most vigilant in Europe; disguise, secrecy, and swiftness were therefore needful. He travelled by diligence from Brussels to Paris; a spy accompanied him; the police discovered him at once on his arrival in Paris, and visited him in the night, but owing to the absence of the Prefect of Police at Versailles, and his having given orders that no one should be arrested while he was away, Howard succeeded in escaping to the south, disguised as a physician, and after numerous perils and adventures reached Marseilles in safety. Here, though the police were on his track, he was resolved to remain till he had accomplished his end. His inflexible will overcame all contrary counsels; the services of trusty friends were put into requisition; with great tact he got into the lazaretto—though even natives were denied such a favour—obtained plans and drawings of *it, as well as a minute account of its practical work-*

ing. His next difficulty was to get out of France. He at last bribed the captain of a vessel at Toulon to carry him to Nice; he encountered a hurricane on the voyage. From Nice he proceeded to Genoa, thence to Leghorn, where, under the enlightened rule of the Grand Duke Leopold, Howard had no difficulty in visiting the prisons, hospitals, and lazarettos of Tuscany. He was convinced that the Grand Duke was the true father of his country.

At Rome, at the earnest request of the venerable Pope, Howard, stipulating that he should not be obliged to kiss his foot, waited on his Holiness at the Vatican. The Pope and the great philanthropist spent some time together in friendly conversation, a nearer acquaintance more profoundly impressing each with respect for the virtues of the other. At parting the pious pontiff laid his hand on the head of the distinguished heretic, and remarked, good-humouredly, "I know you Englishmen care nothing for these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm."

At Malta, he found the condition of the lazaretto and the hospitals little creditable to the Knights Hospitallers, to whom that island then belonged. The sick were served by dirty, ragged, unfeeling wretches, eight or nine of whom he once saw amusing themselves with the delirium of a dying patient. He offended the Grand Master by telling him plainly what he thought of his hospital. Some of his suggestions were, however, adopted.

Sailing now from Malta, Howard called on his way

at Zante, where he found the gaol abominably filthy ; thence he sailed for Smyrna, one of the old plague cities, and trod Asiatic earth for the first time in May 1786. The disease was not virulent at the time of his arrival, but it soon became so. He gave himself out as a physician. He was successful in some cures, which caused him to be courted by all classes of society ; but when it was discovered how daringly he intruded into the houses of the dying and the dead, all prudent people shrank from his company.

In Constantinople, where the plague was raging, Howard remained upwards of a month, visiting pest-houses, prisons, and hospitals. The plague was raging there. He refused a home at the English ambassador's palace, and took up his abode at the house of an experienced physician. He saw the smitten fall dead at his side ; he penetrated haunts of infection, whither guide, dragoman, and physician refused to follow him. From these fearful visits he always returned with a scorching pain across his temples, which, however, fresh air and exercise invariably removed.

He cured the daughter of a powerful Mussulman of an illness which had baffled all the medical celebrities of Constantinople. As a reward, the father offered him a purse of £900, which, of course, he refused, but accepted a supply of fruit from his sumptuous garden. This incident, and the impunity with which he visited the plague-stricken, invested Howard's simple character with an air of mystery. No human

motive for his acts could be imagined by a race whose creed was a dreary fatalism. He found few prisoners in the Turkish gaols, for the simple reason that when a crime was committed, the bastinado or bowstring settled the matter—prisons, therefore, were needless.

Howard's intention was to return home overland by the Danube and Vienna; but it suddenly struck him that he had not yet seen and experienced himself the arrangement and discipline of the lazaretto, and that many things of essential importance, might therefore have escaped his notice. He now took one of the boldest steps which mind of man ever conceived for a philanthropic purpose. He decided to go back to Smyrna, where the plague was raging, and return to the Adriatic in a vessel with a foul bill of health, that he might be put into strictest quarantine at Venice, and thus become acquainted with the minutest details of a great lazaretto.

He at once took his passage in a vessel bound for Salonica, where were two famous hospitals to visit. On the voyage a sailor was seized with the plague, on whom Howard—still passing for a physician—was called upon to attend. At Smyrna, where the disease was raging with violence, he soon found a vessel with a foul bill of health bound for Venice. In her he took his passage. The voyage was long, and attended by the gravest perils. Near the coast of the Morea they were borne down upon by a Barbary privateer, which fired into them with great fury. It was a question of



victory or slavery. The Venetians, therefore, fought with the courage of despair. But their numbers were limited, and their arms indifferent. Howard, though now witnessing actual fighting for the first time, fought himself on deck with the courage of an old warrior. His coolness and presence of mind saved the crew. He assumed the direction of the only large gun on board. This he rammed almost to the muzzle with nails, spikes, etc., and waiting for his opportunity—when the privateer with all her crew on deck was bearing down on them, expecting to see the Venetians strike their flag—he sent the contents in among them with such murderous effect, that in a few moments the corsairs hoisted sail, and made off. The danger had been even greater than Howard imagined, for the captain, rather than fall into the hands of the pirates, had determined to blow up his vessel.

After a voyage of sixty days Venice was reached. Howard was placed in rigorous quarantine for forty days, the daily experience of which he has put on record in a minute and interesting chapter of his work on lazarettos. Being in the worst class of the suspected, the miseries, privations, and perils of the confinement, were beyond expectation.

While enduring this self-imposed punishment, he received letters from England, which went like arrows into his heart. They told him that a subscription was commenced in London to raise a statue to his honour, that a committee was formed, and money pouring in from *all quarters*. This occasioned him the utmost distress.

But a far deeper wound came from letters which spoke of his son's misconduct, and which darkly hinted at the unsoundness of his intellect. He longed to return home, but he was a prisoner, consumed by a fever brought on by the intolerable stench of the establishment, wasting with heart-sickness at the idea of the interval which must intervene, ere he could know the worst of his dearly loved boy. Howard now felt in their bitterest form the horrors of a prisoner's cell. He spent these dreary days translating into English the regulations of the Venetian lazaretto, in spiritual exercises, and in writing letters; he besought his friends to put a stop to the progress of the "Howard Fund," and to tell him, without reserve, the simple truth about his son.

He came weak and ill out of his confinement, and had to remain some days in Venice to recruit his strength before travelling farther. As soon as he was able to move again, he crossed the Adriatic to Trieste, and going thence to Vienna, entered the imperial city, with the same precautions he had observed at St Petersburg. Here his health was so bad, he was obliged to remain longer than he wished. He received letters confirming his suspicions of the failing of his son's reason, and of the further progress of the "Howard Fund." He wrote at once to the committee, praying that the scheme might be abandoned.

Though under a reforming emperor, the prisons of Vienna had not improved. Howard felt an attraction towards *Joseph II.*, referring with pleasure to his

desire to do good. He had not been a month on the throne before he had seen, with his own eyes, every hospital and prison in Vienna. He went about the streets like a private individual. He looked into everything himself. "I think he means well," says Howard, who regarded him as a sort of disciple.

On Christmas Day he had an interview with the emperor, at whose earnest desire it was brought about. Of this Howard himself wrote a very minute account. The emperor received the philanthropist with every mark of personal respect in a cabinet fitted up like a merchant's office. Both stood during the interview, which lasted two hours. Howard spoke most freely and openly to his Majesty upon the defects and abuses of his prisons and hospitals.

Joseph admired the honesty and fearlessness of his remarks. He winced, as he well might, when Howard alluded to the "*Maison de la Force*" at Ghent, which Joseph had ruined ; but he had not come to flatter his vain-glory, but to lay before him the naked truth, and to speak to him of his doings with the impartiality of history. At parting, the Emperor of Germany pressed the hand of the English gentleman with much cordiality, thanking him repeatedly for his visit and his counsels.

Making a rapid journey through the heart of Europe, Howard reached England in February 1787, and on arriving at Cardington he found his son a raving maniac. Intense and indescribable was the father's agony. The house at Cardington was given up to

the madman and his keepers. Howard returned to his desolate home in London.

With great difficulty and trouble he succeeded at last in putting an end to the statue scheme. He made a new and, as it proved to be, final inspection of all the gaols in the British isles, which occupied him more than eighteen months. When completed the results were given to the world, together with his recent observations on the plague and its preventives in his great work on lazarettos.

The charge brought against Howard by his detractors, that his excessive severity caused the insanity of his son, is utterly groundless. Vicious habits and extreme dissipation, in which Thomasson was his constant companion, were the real causes which contributed to the mental derangement of this unhappy youth, and from which he never recovered.

After Howard had been some two years in England, his son was removed to a lunatic asylum at Leicester, and he went down to Cardington a broken-hearted man. His hair was grey, and his step feeble. He went to take leave of the village; he had already arranged the plan of another continental tour, and he came among his Bedfordshire friends and dependants, impressed with the idea that he and they would not meet again on earth. He wished now to visit some lands in the east and south, and extend his inquiries on the subject of the plague. Referring to this plan in the conclusion to his work on lazarettos, he says, "Should it please God to cut off my life in the pro-

secution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures, than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

He made his will, took solemn and affecting farewells of all his private friends, and quitted England 5th July 1789, to return no more. From Holland he proceeded through Germany to Riga, thence to St Petersburg and Moscow, visiting everywhere the prisons and hospitals. The latter at Moscow he describes as in a sad state, 70,000 sailors and recruits having died in them in one year. War was raging between Turkey and Russia. With a courier's pass he crossed the great steppes to the shores of the Black Sea. Horrors met him on all sides. On forced marches over wretched roads, thousands of recruits fell sick by the way, and were left to die of starvation. He went down the Dnieper to Cherson, a new town built on an unhealthy morass, where he examined all the prisons and hospitals. In one of the latter, out of 1500 men, 260 died in one month. All kinds of tricks were played to deceive him as to the condition of the hospitals, but he always baffled these designs, and discovered horrors and abuses, notwithstanding the efforts made to conceal them from him. He speaks in the severest terms of the abuses of these Russian hospitals, and with deep

sympathy for the sufferings of the poor soldiers so inhumanly treated by their superiors.

The Russians had just won a great victory ; Christmas was approaching ; the general in command had given permission to his officers to spend that festive season at Cherson, which was consequently crowded with rank and fashion, and very gay. But in the midst of these festivities a virulent and infectious fever broke out. One of the sufferers, a young lady, who resided about twenty-four miles from Cherson, had been a constant attendant at all the recent balls. Howard, whose reputation as a doctor was very great, was implored to ride over and see her. Hearing that she was getting worse and worse, he at last reluctantly acceded to the wishes of her friends. She improved at first under his treatment. Owing to the miscarriage of a letter, his third visit to his patient was delayed, and when he arrived, wet through and benumbed with cold, he found the lady dying. He sat some time by her side, and was so sensibly affected by the effluvia of the fever, that he felt convinced the infection had been communicated to him. Next day his patient died.

On the third day Howard was seized with fever ; he gradually grew worse. On the 12th January he fell down suddenly, in a fit ; from that day he became weaker and weaker. He was his own physician, having recourse to his favourite medicine, Dr James's powder ; but as soon as Prince Potemkin heard of his illness he sent him his own physician, who attended him

to the last, and no effort was spared to preserve a life, so valuable to the world. He grew worse and worse, but he was still able to write some pious reflections even so late as the 16th of the month: "May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones, in this world, as I am but a pilgrim or wayfaring man, that tarries but a night. This is not my home, but may I think what God has done for me, and rely on His power and grace, for His promise, His mercy, endureth for ever. But I am faint and low, yet I trust in the right way pursuing, though too apt to forget, my Almighty Friend and my God. . . . Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly, nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth and finish the work Thou givest me to do, and to Thy name alone be all the praise." The latter of these pious inspirations is inscribed on the cover of a book, beneath it, evidently written later, are two short sentences bearing his dying testimony to those doctrines which had been his creed through life: "Oh that the Son of God may not die for me in vain." "I think I never look into myself but I find some corruption and sin in my heart; O God! do Thou sanctify and cleanse the thoughts of my depraved heart." In the middle of a page of a volume of sermons he wrote, "It is one of the noblest expressions of real religion, to be cheerfully willing to live or die as it may seem meet to God." The last words Howard's hand ever traced, written on *the inside of the cover of a book*, were, "Oh that

Christ may be magnified in me, either by life or death."

On the morning of the 20th his intimate friend, Admiral Priestman, an Englishman in the empress' service, came to see him. He found him weak and low, but sitting up by a small stove in his bedroom; he spoke of being well aware that he had but a short time to live, of death as having no terrors for him, and with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death pangs were already past; and then mentioned his wishes as regarded his funeral. "There is a spot," he said to the admiral, "near the village of Dauphigny (about eight miles from Cherson), this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatever to mark where I am laid, but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." The place where he wished to be buried was on the estate of a French gentleman from whom he had received much kindness; and he begged Priestman to go at once and ask his permission, which he did, and obtained it.

A letter arrived from England giving better accounts of his son's health, which greatly cheered the death-bed of the dying Christian. His friend Priestman seeing his danger, refused to leave him, and sat by his bedside. Howard was now too weak to talk. Taking out the letter, he gave it to the admiral to



read, and said, tenderly, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" Soon after he sank into a state of unconsciousness, and calmly passed away at eight o'clock on the morning of 20th January 1790, 1500 miles from his native land, with strangers around his bed, not to his heart, but to his race, his language, his creed. His death was a European event. Cherson went into deep mourning for the stranger. In defiance of his own wishes, the enthusiasm of the people provided him with a public funeral. Princes and admirals, all the generals of the garrison, magistrates, merchants, and a large party of cavalry, accompanied by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the magnificent funeral procession. These were followed on foot by a concourse of at least three thousand persons, slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants, whose best and truest friend the dead hero of all these martial honours had ever been, and from this humbler train of followers, arose the deepest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead. The higher ranks had lost a friend from their social circles, but they—the poor serf, the ill-used soldier, the friendless prisoner—had lost in him a father.

A small pyramid was raised above the spot where he was laid instead of the sun-dial which he had himself suggested, and the traveller is still attracted to the place as to one of the shrines, which men have reason to remember, on the earth. A deep sensation of regret and love was produced in England by the tidings of his death. Every mark of honour, public and private,

was paid to the memory of Howard. The muses sang his virtues, the Church, the senate, and the judgment-seat, echoed with his praise ; and even at the theatres, his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his life delivered at the footlights.

The statue, to which during his life Howard had been so opposed, was, after his death, erected to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral. It is a fine work of art by Bacon ; beneath it is a long inscription recording his many virtues and philanthropic deeds.

The illustrious orator, Burke, paid a tribute to Howard's memory in one of his grandest orations, but the monument which is worthiest of him is that great work of the general amelioration and reform both in prisons and hospitals, of which he laid the foundation, and to which he so nobly and generously devoted his whole life.\*

\* Canon Liddon, in one of his wonderfully eloquent sermons in St Paul's Cathedral, thus speaks of John Howard as "The philanthropist who spent his life in visiting and in reforming the prisons of the world,—who exposed, as his historian has said, to the shuddering sight of mankind, the horrible barbarities, the foul and abominable secrets of those dens of suffering, and who remedied these vast evils by the exposure. Such a man is fitly honoured in the temple of Jesus Christ. It has been said of John Howard that, perhaps, no man ever lived who has assuaged so great an amount of human misery. Whatever its merits as a work of art, his statue has a particular interest which is all its own. It is no unbecoming representation of our Lord's picture of the true neighbour—of the good Samaritan. It bids each of us, in his measure, and according to his opportunities, to be mindful of the imperishable words, 'Go and do likewise.'"



## BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS.

THE FRIEND OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.\*

**I**T would be difficult to find throughout the whole course of history a more thoroughly benevolent and disinterested man than the subject of this present sketch. Undaunted by a thousand obstacles, constantly baffled, generally unsuccessful, hated and persecuted by those whose cruel conduct he opposed, he still, with calm perseverance and trust in God, pursued the one noble philanthropic object of his life, which was so worthy of his energetic and generous character.

Bartholomew de Las Casas was born at Seville in 1474, in the midst of an age of enterprise and maritime discovery. From his childhood he must have heard tell of those gentle Indians whose cause he was hereafter so bravely to espouse, for his father was a sailor, and had accompanied Columbus in his first voyage—that most celebrated of all voyages, which

\* Sir A. Helps' "Las Casas" is the chief authority for the present account.

resulted in the discovery of America. In those days a seaman's life was a profitable one, so Antonio de Las Casas made his fortune by it, and was able to send his son, Bartholomew, to the University of Salamanca, where he remained till he was eighteen, and took a licentiate's degree. In 1498 he accompanied his father and Columbus, in a voyage to the West Indies, returning to Cadiz in 1500.

In 1502 he went with Nicholas de Ovando, who was appointed Governor of the Indies, to Hispaniola, where he was ordained priest. He was thirty-six years of age when he first made his appearance on the stage of history. So great was his force of character and general ability, that he would probably have excelled in any career, and he did in fact fulfil three or four vocations, being an eager man of business, a laborious and accurate historian, a great reformer, a warm philanthropist, and a vigorous ecclesiastic. He was eloquent, acute, truthful, bold, self-sacrificing, pious.

When Bartholomew Las Casas arrived in Hispaniola, that island was rapidly becoming depopulated of Indians, owing to the terrible cruelties they suffered at the hands of their oppressors, and to the hard labour to which they were subjected. Las Casas' kind heart was touched at once, by the scenes of misery and barbarity, he beheld. Henceforth he became the warm advocate of the Indians; to rescue the oppressed race from tyranny was now his life-work. He was sent by Diego Velasquez to Cuba with *Pamphilo de Narvaez*, whose mission was to

populate and pacify that island. The province where they first landed was soon brought into subjection, and the inhabitants then divided into *repartimientos*, which were apportioned by Velasquez among his followers. A *repartimiento* was a deed by which an *encomienda* or commandery of so many Indians with a cacique or chief was given to a Spaniard, with the injunction that he was "to teach them the things of the Holy Catholic faith." This condition was looked upon as a mere formality, and was never attended to.

Las Casas was now sent with Narvaez on an expedition into the country of Camaguey. Whenever it was possible, he treated the Indians in the kindest way, and soon gained their confidence. He saw at once how easy the conversion of the Indians would have been by mild means, instead of which it was made the pretext with some, and the real justification with others, for the greatest inhumanities. One of his chief cares was to separate the Indians and the Spaniards, whenever they halted at any Indian town or village. By this means many disorders and much cruelty was prevented. But his chief business was to collect the children to baptize them, as he observes there were many that God bestowed His sacred baptism upon in good time; for scarcely any of all those children remained alive a few months afterwards.

In the course of their journey, the Spaniards approached a large town called Caonao, where a multitude of natives had congregated, chiefly to see the *horses the Spaniards had brought with them.* Suffer-

ing much from thirst on the road, the Indians kindly brought them water. They reached Caonao at the time of vespers, and halted here. The whole population was collected in one spot, sitting on the ground gazing with wonder at the horses. Five hundred, however, who were more timid than the rest, remained in a large hut, where they prepared food for their visitors. A thousand of their own Indian attendants accompanied the Spaniards, who themselves amounted to about a hundred. Suddenly a Spaniard, prompted, as was thought, by the devil, drew his sword. The rest drew theirs also, and immediately all began to hack and hew the poor Indians, who were sitting quietly near them, and offered no more resistance than so many sheep. At the moment when the massacre began, Las Casas was in the sleeping apartment. He had five Spaniards with him. Some Indians, who had brought the baggage, were lying on the ground, overcome with fatigue. The five Spaniards, hearing the blows from their comrades' swords without, would have fallen upon these Indians at once, had not Las Casas prevented them. But they rushed out to join their companions. Las Casas followed them; and to his grief and horror, saw heaps of dead bodies, already strewed about like sheaves of corn, waiting to be gathered up. He rushed hither and thither, endeavouring to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter which was going on of men, women, and children. Then he entered the great hut, where he found many Indians had already

been slaughtered ; but some had escaped, and were up aloft. He told them there should be no more slaughter, and entreated them to come down ; and one young man, trusting to his words, did so. But the good Las Casas could not be in all places at once ; and leaving the hut directly afterwards, a Spaniard drew a sword, and ran the Indian through the body. Las Casas was only back in time to afford the last rites of the Church, to the dying youth. No one ever could tell who was the author of this massacre, which only shows how causeless it was, and gives us an example of the ordinary barbarous conduct of the Spaniards towards the Indians.

When this massacre was known throughout the province, all the inhabitants deserted their towns, and fled for refuge to the innumerable islets on that coast called the Garden of the Queen. But the benevolence and kind-heartedness of the Clerigo (as Las Casas was called), had already become known to the Indians, as no less than a hundred and eighty of them, men and women, came and put themselves under his protection. He was delighted to see them, but sad too, when he considered their gentleness, their humility, their poverty, and their sufferings. Their example, and the kindness with which they were treated, reassured the Indians of the vicinity, who in consequence returned to their homes.

After more cruelties on the part of the Spaniards, mitigated however by the interference of Las Casas, the island of Cuba was at last considered to be paci-

ficated, and Las Casas was ordered to return to Velasquez at Xagua. A most intimate friendship existed between Las Casas and one Pedro de Renteria, a devout and contemplative person, much given to solitude, and who would have made an excellent monk ; his occupations, however, were entirely secular, and he was employed by the Governor Diego Velasquez as *alcalde* or magistrate. Owing to the friendship which existed between them, the governor, when he began to make *repartimientos*, gave to Las Casas and Renteria a large village, and Indians in common. Here they lived, the Clerigo as the busier man, taking the greater part of the management of their joint affairs. He was as much engaged as others were in making his Indians work at the mines, and getting a large profit out of their labour ; however, he was personally kind to them, and provided for their wants, but, to use his own words, " he took no more heed than the other Spaniards to bethink himself that his Indians were unbelievers, and of the duty that there was on his part, to give them instruction, and to bring them into the bosom of the Church of Christ."

Being with one exception the only ecclesiastic in the whole island, he had often to say Mass and preach. When preparing to do so for the Feast of Pentecost, 1514, he was much struck by certain passages in the thirty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, verses 18 to 22 ; he remembered, too, what he had formerly heard the Dominicans in Hispaniola preach, and particularly a certain *religioso* who had refused him absolution be



cause he possessed Indians. His conscience became aroused, he set to work to study the principles of the matter, as well as the facts around him, and soon came to the conclusion that the system of *repartimientos* was iniquitous, and that he must preach against it.

He felt now that it was his duty to give up his own Indians ; this he deeply regretted, not for the loss of worldly advantage, but because he knew that no one in Cuba, would treat them as kindly as he had done. But his sermons would be of no avail, unless he practised what he preached ; he resolved therefore to give them up. When Las Casas came to this determination, his friend and partner Renteria happened to be absent from home in Jamaica, but the Clerigo went boldly to the governor, and put the matter before him as concerning his own salvation, and that of the rest of the Spaniards ; he told him too, that he had made up his mind to give up his own slaves, but wished this decision to be kept secret till Renteria had returned.

Velasquez was greatly astonished, for Las Casas had the character of one who loved gain ; he besought him therefore to do nothing rashly, and to take fifteen days to think the matter well over. But Las Casas was inexorable, and to the credit of the governor, be it said, he ever after held the Clerigo in greater esteem than before.

Las Casas was unable to conceal his intention till his partner's return, for, when preaching shortly after, he took occasion to mention the conclusion he had *come to as* regarded himself, and urged upon his

hearers the danger to which they exposed their souls by retaining their *repartimientos* of Indians. All were amazed. Some were struck with compunction, others as surprised to hear it called a sin to use Indians, as if they had been told it was a sin to use the beasts of the field.

Finding that his exhortations, both in public and in private, on this matter, were of little avail, Las Casas determined to go to the fountain of all authority, the King of Spain ; but he did not possess a farthing in money ; all that remained to him was a mare worth a hundred *pesos*. He wrote to Renteria, urging him to return immediately, as business of importance required that he should go to Spain, and that unless he returned at once he could not wait to see him before his departure. Strange to say, during his absence in Jamaica, very similar thoughts had arisen in Pedro de Renteria's breast. He had retired into a monastery to spend Lent in a retreat, and there reflecting on the miseries of the Indians, he began to think whether something could not be done at least for their children. He had come to the conclusion to ask the king's leave to found colleges for the young Indians, and, for this purpose, to go to Spain to obtain the royal sanction ; but, on receiving the Clerigo's letter, he hurried back to Cuba. When the two friends had their first private interview, and when Renteria, speaking first, informed Las Casas of his plan, the kind priest listened to his words with astonishment and reverential joy, thinking it a sign of Divine favour, that so good a man

as Renteria should thus unexpectedly confirm his own resolve.

He then related to him what he had himself already thought and done in this matter. It was agreed between them that Las Casas should go to Spain ; and by the sale of their farm, provision was made for his journey. Accompanied by two Dominican monks, Las Casas quitted Cuba, and sailed for Hispaniola, where he desired an interview with Pedro de Cordova, the prelate of the Dominicans in the New World, before leaving for Spain.

After his departure the Spaniards were more cruel than ever towards the Indians, who, seeking refuge in flight, were pursued by dogs trained for the purpose. They then had recourse to suicide—whole families and villages putting themselves to death—as the only means of escape, for these poor people believed in a future state of being, where ease and felicity awaited them.

Immediately on arriving in St Domingo, Las Casas obtained an interview with Pedro de Cordova. The excellent monk received him kindly, and applauded his purpose, but gave little hope of success in King Ferdinand's time, owing to the influence which the Bishop of Burgos and the secretary, Lope Conchillos, had with the king, for they were entirely in favour of the system of *repartimientos*, and possessed Indians themselves.

Grieved, but not dismayed, Las Casas declared his intention to persevere, and in September 1515, accompanied by two Dominican monks, he embarked at St

Domingo for Spain. On arriving at Seville, he was graciously received by the archbishop of that city, who furnished him with letters to the king and some of his courtiers. He continued his journey, and met the king at Plasencia, just before Christmas 1515. Las Casas, avoiding his ministers, sought and obtained an interview with the monarch, informing him of the motives which had brought him to Spain, and fully describing the wrongs and sufferings of the Indians. Ferdinand, who was old, ailing, and nigh unto death, did not deny to Las Casas the second audience he asked for, saying he would hear him some day during the Christmas festival.

Meanwhile, he gained the king's confessor to his cause, who related to Ferdinand all the stories of the wrongs of the Indians which the Clerigo had told him. Las Casas was ordered to go to Seville and wait there for the king's coming, when he would give him a long audience, and provide a remedy for the evils he complained of. The confessor advised him to see the Bishop of Burgos, who had the chief management of Indian affairs, and Conchillos, as perhaps when they heard his narrative of the miseries and sufferings of the Indians, their hearts would soften. Las Casas took the advice and submitted his views and information to these ministers. Conchillos received him with courtesy and kindness, but the bishop was very rough. Las Casas finished his audience by informing the bishop how seven thousand children had perished in three months ; while he was detailing the account of their

death, the ungodly bishop broke in with these words : " Look you, what a droll fool ; what is this to me, and what to the king ? " To which Las Casas replied : " Is it nothing to your lordship, or to the king, that all these souls should perish ? Oh ! great and eternal God ! And to whom, then, is it of any concern ? " And with these words he took his leave. Very shortly after this the king died on his journey to Seville, 23d January 1516.

Nothing daunted, Las Casas now prepared to go to Flanders to see the new king, but previously he went to Madrid to lay his statement of the Indians' wrongs before the joint regents of the kingdom, the great Cardinal Ximenes and the Ambassador Adrian, who had been tutor to Charles V. He drew up his statement in Latin, and first laid it before Adrian. That good man was horrified by it, and without delay went into the cardinal's apartment to ask him if such things should be. The result was, that Las Casas was informed by Ximenes that he need not proceed to Flanders, but that a remedy for the evils he spoke of, should be found there at Madrid.

There seemed now every prospect of the Clerigo's benevolent hopes being realised ; he was frequently summoned before the cardinal and other important personages associated with him, who listened to all he had to say. The result was, that the cardinal appointed Las Casas and Dr Palacios Rubios, who had all along shown great interest in favour of the Indians, to draw up a plan for securing their liberty and arrang-

ing their government. When this was done, the persons who were to have the important charge of administering the law had to be sought out. Twelve brethren of the Jeronomite order were nominated for this responsible office, but the cardinal, considering that three were sufficient, told Las Casas to confer with the general of the Jeronomites as to the choice of the three, and to inform him of the requisite qualities for the office in question.

With tears of joy, Las Casas poured out his thanks and blessings on the cardinal; he declined the money he offered him for his journey, for he had still enough to sustain him in this business, but the cardinal smiled, and said, "Go to, father; I am richer than you are."

The three brethren were chosen; they joined Las Casas at Madrid, and first lived with him at his inn, but afterwards removed to an hospital of their own order. Here they were waylaid by agents of the Spanish colonists, who prejudiced their minds to such an extent, both against Las Casas and against the Indians, that even before they set out Las Casas and Dr Rubios began to think that no good would come of the mission, which at first had promised so well. But the preparations for their departure went on, and their orders and instructions were made ready. The first order was to the effect that, on arrival in St Domingo, they should take away all the Indians belonging to members of the council, or any other absentees; the second, that they should also deprive the judges and

officers in the Indies of their Indians ; the third, that they should hold a court of impeachment upon all the judges and other officers in the colony who had lived, as the saying is, "as Moors without a king." With many other of the instructions Las Casas was dissatisfied. He was himself formally appointed to advise the Jeronomite fathers, and to correspond with the Government. He was also named "Protector of the Indians," with a salary of a hundred pesos of gold. A lawyer of repute named Zuazo was appointed legal adviser to the expedition. All was now ready, and Las Casas went to take leave of Ximenes ; he could not refrain from communicating to him his fears that the Jeronomites would do no good, and told him how their minds had been prejudiced by the agents from the colonies. The cardinal seemed struck with alarm, and said, "Whom, then, can we trust? You are going there, be watchful for all."

The Jeronomite fathers and the Clerigo sailed in different vessels ; the former were entirely won over by the shrewd officials among whom they fell ; they made every excuse for the inhumanity of the colonists, and did not carry into execution their injunctions to take away the Indians from the judges and those in office.

In three months Zuazo arrived. Las Casas now resolved on a bold step, and impeached the judges himself. This grieved the Jeronomites, who wanted to manage things more quietly, and who really were *making some efforts* to do good, but not in accord

with the temperament of Las Casas, or employing remedies such as the fearful nature of the disease demanded. More and more did Las Casas distrust them ; at last he resolved to return to Castille, and appeal against the fathers. They were much disconcerted when they heard of this, but they had no power to stop the Clerigo ; and all they could do was to send one of their own body to court, to make representations on their behalf.

In July 1517 Las Casas reached Aranda on the Douro, where he found Cardinal Ximenes at the point of death. His letters had been intercepted, and the cardinal was ill-informed of what had occurred in Hispaniola. On his death, which ensued shortly afterwards, the affairs of Spain fell into much confusion. The king was only sixteen ; the men who held supreme authority were Chièvres, the king's former governor, and the Grand Chancellor Selvagius ; they were both Flemings, and did not even know the language of the country they governed. The king himself was busy learning it. In this state of things public business languished.

The affairs of the Indies, however, gained more attention than could have been expected at this juncture. Some Franciscan monks who had returned from St Domingo, and were known to the grand chancellor, favourably introduced "the Protector of the Indians" to him. He soon became on most intimate terms with the chancellor, who spoke of him to the king, and received his commands that they two



should consult together, and provide a remedy for the bad government of the Indies.

Las Casas drew up plans of reform ; among them was an emigration scheme, for furnishing Hispaniola with labourers, from the mother country. In connection with this, Las Casas, unfortunately for his reputation, added another provision, viz., that each Spanish resident in the island should have licence to import a dozen negro slaves. Strange indeed is it that one of the most benevolent of men should have given his sanction to that most barbarous of all traffics—the negro slave trade. He afterwards, however, owned and saw his error. We must not suppose that his suggestion was the origin of negro slavery, for, from the earliest time of the discovery of America, negroes had been sent there, and the Jeronomite fathers had come to the same conclusion on the subject, as Las Casas himself.

The plan having been approved of by the chancellor, and by Adrian, the late cardinal's colleague, licence was given to De Bresa, a Fleming, and member of the council, to introduce 4000 negroes into the colonies. He afterwards sold this licence for 25,000 ducats to certain Genoese merchants, having obtained from the king a pledge, that for eight years he would give no other licence of the kind. Negroes, consequently, were now sold at a very high price ; and their importation, which, had the licence been general, would have been very abundant, was greatly *checked*. Unfortunately, just at this time the Bishop

of Burgos was recalled to the council, and he did all in his power to oppose Las Casas' excellent plans of colonisation. The Clerigo, too, fell ill, but the influence he had already gained over the young king is apparent by the interest his Majesty expressed about him. On recovering, he joined the court at Saragossa, and brought before the chancellor, evidence of horrible cruelties by a captain named Espinosa, which had caused the destruction of 40,000 souls.

But, again, for the third time, death baffled Las Casas' benevolent plans; the chancellor Selvagus was suddenly seized with a fever, and died in a very few days. "And the grand chancellor being dead," wrote the Clerigo, "of a truth there died for that time, all hope of a remedy for the Indians." The Bishop of Burgos now regained all his old influence in the government of the Indies. A Council for the Indies was formed, of which he was president, and the appointment of which was most disheartening to Las Casas. The bishop's first act was to recall the Jeronomite fathers; their presence had, at all events, been a considerable restraint upon evil-doers, and thus the last vestige of the policy of the great Ximenes, was altogether effaced from the Indian government.

Just then Las Casas was cheered a little by becoming acquainted with a M. de Bure, a young Fleming, whose uncle, De Laxas, had great influence over the king, and who slept in his Majesty's room; both uncle and nephew were much interested in Las Casas' account of Indian affairs, and the result was that he

found protectors in these powerful men belonging to the king's household.

At this time the Clerigo received a letter from Pedro de Cordova, in which, after relating some horrible exploits of the Spaniards in the island of Trinidad, he expressed a wish that the king would set apart one hundred leagues on the coast of Terra Firma about Cumaná, to be entered solely by monks, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel there ; if he could not get one hundred leagues, he asked Las Casas to get ten, or even some little island instead, some fifteen or twenty leagues from the coast. This, he thought, might be as a city of refuge to the Indians, and a place wherein the Gospel should be taught them ; he added that if this request was not granted, he would recall the brethren of his order, for it was no use their preaching, when the Indians saw those who called themselves Christians, acting in opposition to Christians.

The Bishop of Burgos would not hear of this request being granted ; he said, "the king would be well advised indeed to grant a hundred leagues without any profit to himself!" A strange reply for one of the successors of those apostles who laid down their lives for the sake of the conversion of others. As this scheme came to nothing, Las Casas pursued his own plan of sending out labourers to the West India Islands, but this too failed, owing to the treachery of one Berrio, whom the Clerigo had great confidence in, and whom he had appointed his esquire, but who was in fact a spy and agent of the Bishop of Burgos.

A new grand chancellor, Arborio de Gattinara, had recently been appointed, a learned and good man, who favoured Las Casas almost as much as his predecessor Selvagius had done; he was always ready to give him an audience, and uniformly defended him. The new proposition which Las Casas brought before this chancellor was a very remarkable one; it formed the turning-point of the Clerigo's own life, and in its consequence had the widest influence on the fortunes of the New World. Las Casas engaged to find fifty Spanish colonists who were to subscribe 200 ducats each, which he thought would be enough to supply the requisite outfit and sustenance for a year, as well as presents for the Indians. They were to wear a peculiar dress, white cloth with red crosses, which was to distinguish them from any Spaniards the Indians had seen before; they were also to bring a new message to the Indians, telling them they were sent to salute them from the King of Spain, who had heard of the evils and oppressions they had suffered; to give them presents as a sign of amity, and to protect them from other Spaniards who had done them injury.

For the profit of the king, Las Casas undertook to pacify the country assigned to him, which was to extend one thousand leagues along the coast of Terra Firma; and to send him, in three years' time, 15,000 ducats of tribute from the Indians and Spanish settlements, which tribute should increase gradually till, from the *tenth* year, it should amount to 70,000 ducats.

He also offered to found three settlements with a fortress in each ; to obtain geographical knowledge about the country ; and to do all he could to convert the natives, without its being any charge to the king.

The Clerigo also demanded that he should be allowed to take with him twelve priests, Franciscans and Dominicans, who should come voluntarily, and ten Indians from the islands, if they would come with him of their own accord.

The fifty who combined in the enterprise were to have the twelfth part of the revenues accruing to the king, and to be enabled to leave this to their heirs for ever ; they were to be made Knights of the Golden Spur ; such as Las Casas wished were to be appointed governors of the proposed fortresses, and they were to be allowed to import three negroes each. Various other provisions and exemptions were made in their favour.

On behalf of the Indians, Las Casas demanded an assurance from the king, that neither in the present nor in the future, should the Indians within the limits agreed upon, be given to the Spaniards in *repartimientos*, or in slavery of any kind.

For himself Las Casas asked nothing. The chancellor and the other Flemings favourably regarded his scheme, and desired him to lay it before the Council of the Indies, where it was badly received by his inveterate enemy, the Bishop of Burgos, and the rest of the councillors, who sought to put it aside by delay. *There were at this time eight preachers to the king at*

the Spanish court, whose favour and assistance in the cause of the Indians, Las Casas besought. They took up the matter warmly, and together with Las Casas they formed a junta, meeting at the monastery of Sta. Catalina; and constituting a sort of antagonist council to that held on Indian affairs, under the Bishop of Burgos. The conclusion they came to was, that they were obliged by Divine law, to procure a remedy for the evils of the Indians, and they bound themselves by oath, that none of them were to be dismayed, or desist from the undertaking, till it should be accomplished; and that if all earthly powers turned a deaf ear to their admonition, they would preach publicly against all these great men, not omitting to give his due share of blame, to the king himself.

On a certain day they entered the Council of the Indies, to the astonishment of the Bishop of Burgos and the rest, and having requested leave to speak, laid before them their admonitions and suggestions, urging upon them the careful consideration of the proposals they had advocated. The council received them with courtesy; by their quiet demeanour they seem to have absorbed the opposition of the preachers, and these good men thinking they had produced the proper impression on the minds of the statesmen, left the matter in their hands, considering they had fulfilled their vow.

Las Casas, however, had little hope of any good coming from their remonstrance, and he pressed on with vigour his own scheme of colonisation, which the

council with equal vigour resisted. The king at last appointed a special council to judge between Las Casas and the Council of the Indies, in the matter at issue between them ; and the result was, that Las Casas succeeded in carrying his point, and it was resolved that the land he sought for should be conceded to him ; the bishop, however, was not foiled yet, he and some others now offered to pay a much higher price for the land to the king. There was a stormy sitting of the judicial council to consider this proposition, at which the Bishop of Burgos was very violent, but the votes were in favour of Las Casas. Fresh opposition was then raised by the Indian Council, months were wasted, till at last the king through his chancellor, ordered that Micer Bartolomé should have the grant, and that no notice should be taken of the offers of those who wished to outbid him. But at this juncture the Bishop of Darien appeared at court ; he strongly opposed Las Casas, and such a warm dispute took place between them at the house of the Bishop of Badajoz, that it reached the king's ears, who resolved to hear what they both had to say, and fixed an hour of audience.

When the day came the king took his seat on the throne, his councillors being ranged below him. The Bishop of Darien first spoke, and Las Casas answered him ; he spoke with considerable violence, and said many things of which we can hardly approve, but he told the king that he had not taken up his vocation to please himself, but to please God, and in proof of it

went on to say, "I renounce whatever temporal honour or reward your Majesty may wish to confer upon me." A Franciscan father next spoke with such fervour on the same side as Las Casas, that it seemed to him as if all the persons there present were already listening to words pronounced in the Day of Judgment. After a moderate speech from the Admiral Don Diego Columbus, the audience ended.

Before the king departed for Germany to be crowned emperor, he signed the necessary grant to Las Casas.

In 1518 some Franciscan and Dominican monks had founded two monasteries on the Pearl Coast, called Santa Fé and Cumaná. They were successful in attracting the Indians, and lived a peaceful life, till one Ojeda, a Spaniard, and pearl-fisher from the neighbouring island of Cubagua, wanting slaves, treacherously captured and carried off some of the Indians, dwelling in their neighbourhood. The Indians, connecting the Dominicans with this outrage, resolved to revenge themselves. They rushed in one Sunday while they were celebrating mass, and murdered several of them. The Franciscans at Cumaná were also attacked and massacred. A panic now seized the Spaniards on the island of Cubagua; they deserted it, and when the infuriated Indians poured in, they found great stores of goods and merchandise, which the wealthy pearl-fishers had left behind them. The authorities of St Domingo resolved to send an expedition to avenge the murder of the monks, and to enslave the Indians. It was on its way when Las Casas



arrived at Porto Rico. When it arrived in that port, Las Casas showed his powers to Ocampo, its commander, and endeavoured to detain the expedition, which was going to the very coast where the Clerigo was about to form his colony. But Ocampo said he must execute his orders, and the expedition sailed on. Las Casas, leaving his colonists at Porto Rico, hastened to St Domingo, where his appearance was most unwelcome, for his well-known exertions in favour of the Indians had made him odious to all Spanish colonists. He met with the usual hindrances and vexations; he demanded the recall of Ocampo's expedition, and was told by the government that they would take the matter into consideration: thus much time was lost.

Meanwhile a clever conspiracy was formed to detain Las Casas—a certain Biscayan shipwright declaring that his ship was not seaworthy, and could not be rendered so. An examination was made, and the vessel was condemned; thus Las Casas lost the value of 500 gold pesos, as well as what was of far more value—time, reputation, and the means of transit. Ocampo meanwhile had reached the coast, where, by a skilful stratagem, he enticed all the chief Indians into his ship, and then hung them from his yard-arms, as examples of terror to those on the shore. Among these was the Cacique of Cumaná. Ocampo carried his incursions far into the country, and captured many slaves.

Las Casas soon learned what was going on in his province of Cumaná, for while he was endeavouring to arrange matters with the authorities of Hispaniola,

some slaves, the first fruits of Ocampo's campaign, were brought to St Domingo. At this he was very indignant. He went about, to use his own words, "raging, and with terrible sternness, bore witness against this thing before the *audiencia*." They thought it best to come to terms with him, and made an offer to become partners with Las Casas in working out his grant from the king. It was finally agreed that Las Casas should go to the territories assigned to him, and that Ocampo's expedition should now be placed under his command. This agreement took the form of a commercial speculation; there was to be a company, divided into twenty-four shares. The profit was to be found in pearl-fishing, trafficking with the natives, and making slaves, the latter being provided for in the following way: Las Casas was to decide what Indians in these parts were cannibals, and who among them would not receive the faith. On his pronouncing against the natives of any province, they were to be attacked by Ocampo and made slaves. Anybody who hoped that Las Casas would so pronounce, must have been very much mistaken in their man. Distasteful as the whole business was to him, he saw no other way of accomplishing any part of his object.

Just at this time, that devoted servant of God and friend of the Indians, Pedro de Cordova, died in the monastery of St Domingo, worn out by the ascetic life he had led. Deeply did Las Casas regret his loss.

In July 1521, Las Casas set sail for St Domingo, first proceeding to Porto Rico for the colonists he had

brought out from Spain and left there, but not a single man of them was to be found ; he had not even the comfort of finding that his humble and simple followers had been employed in the cultivation of the earth or in any good work, but learned that they had enlisted with certain freebooters, whose occupation it was to attack and pillage the Indians. This was a terrible blow to the good Clerigo ; nothing, however, could be done now, but to proceed alone on his voyage to Terra Firma. When he arrived there, he found that Ocampo's men were pillaging and making slaves. On Las Casas' arrival they all determined to go home, being weary of the country, and having no wish to continue under so bad a captain for marauding expeditions as the Clerigo. He allowed them to go, remaining himself with a few servants and hired labourers, alone with his great projects, his immense territory, his scanty resources. The Dominican community had been entirely swept away, but the Franciscans had returned, and were the sole nucleus of Christianity and civilisation in that vast expanse of country. When they heard of the Clerigo's arrival, they came out to meet him with great joy, chanting a *Te Deum*. Their little wooden, straw-thatched monastery was close to the sea-shore, and stood in a pleasant garden. Close by, Las Casas built a store-house for his goods. His first act was to send a message of peace to the Indians by means of the wife of one of their chiefs, who understood Spanish. He informed them that he had been sent out by the new King of Spain, that henceforth they

were to experience nothing but kind treatment and good works from the Christians, in proof of which he sent them presents. Small as this settlement at Cumaná was, much might have been hoped from it had there been no Spaniards near, to hinder the good work. But the island of Cubagua was unhappily very close, and the Spaniards there were constantly coming to Cumaná for fresh water. Las Casas engaged a mason to build a fort at the river's mouth, but the Cubaguans soon perceived the drift of this building, and the mason was bribed to desist from his work. Though the Indians had no love for the Spaniards, yet they were won over easily by the wine they gave them, and would bring them gold and slaves in exchange for it.

Las Casas next went to Cubagua and made forcible appeals to the governor, but all to no effect. The chief monk of the Franciscans urged him to go to St Domingo and appeal to the government there, to provide some remedy for the evils arising from the visits of the Cubaguans. The Clerigo did not see the need for this, but Father Garceto never swerved from his opinion. Some vessels were about to sail in a month; every day they had mass and prayers for inspiration in the matter; and when the day at last came and the friends took counsel together, Father Garceto pronounced his unvarying opinion, "Sir, you have to go, and by no means to remain."

Though he was unwilling to leave his territory without the protection of his presence, yet thinking it

might be God's will, he yielded, though he was not convinced. He therefore set sail, parting with much grief from the good Franciscans.

Francisco de Soto, whom he had left as captain in his absence, disobeyed the Clerigo's orders, as soon as he was gone, by sending away the only two boats the colony had to traffic for pearls, gold, and, some say, even slaves. In an attack from the Indians these boats afforded the colonists their only means of escape.

Twelve days after Las Casas had sailed, the Franciscans discovered symptoms of coming danger; on the fourteenth day they found that an onslaught was to be made on the settlement next morning, and they fortified the monastery and store-house as well as they could. Early on the ensuing day they heard the terrible Indian war-whoop. Some were killed before they could reach the monastery, the rest succeeded in entering it; the Indians had set it on fire, but the monks fortunately escaped by a back door into the garden, and thence to the banks of the river. Here they possessed a canoe which would hold fifty persons; they gained this, and pushed off down the river, while the Indians thought they were burned in the monastery. There were about fifteen or twenty persons in the canoe. The Indians at last caught sight of the boat, and manning a lighter one of their own, set off in pursuit, rapidly gaining upon the Spaniards, who pulled as for their lives; but they soon saw that only chance was to take to the shore again, and

throw themselves into the dense beds of cactus with which that coast abounds. The two canoes landed not a quoit's throw from each other, and only just in time for the Spaniards to take refuge among the cactuses ; the Indians being naked, could not get into this thorn fortress, but they were so near them, that Father Garceto lived to tell Las Casas, how one Indian was close upon him, and lifted his club to kill him, and the father bent his knees, shut his eyes, and raised his heart to God, and lo ! when he looked up, there was no one. Next day they got to their countrymen's ships ; De Soto died of a wound received from a poisoned arrow, the rest, with the exception of some of Las Casas' servants, who had been killed at the first onset, arrived in a short time at St Domingo.

All this had happened within a fortnight after Las Casas' departure ; he, meanwhile, was beaten about by contrary currents, and it was two months before he was landed in another part of the island of Hispaniola. On his journey thence to St Domingo, he met a party from that city, who told him that the Indians of the Pearl Coast had killed the Clerigo Bartolomé de Las Casas and all his household. Versed as he was in misfortune, this must have been the most fatal intelligence he ever received, for he could easily divine that some terrible disaster had happened to his little colony. When he reached the city, he heard the whole sad truth, and good Christian friends came out to meet him, offering him money for a new attempt to colonise, but none such was ever to be made.

Las Casas wrote to the king, to Cardinal Adrian—now advanced to the papacy—to tell them what had happened, and then waited till their answers should arrive. He was filled with the bitterest despondency, and in the restrained tone of his narrative at this period of his history there is enough to show how his ardent nature must for the moment, have been crushed into torpor by misfortune. His kind friends the Dominicans received him into their monastery, where, hopeless of gaining his great object, sick of the world, beginning to ponder more frequently on the state of his soul, he yielded to the wishes of his friend Father Betanzos, and in 1522 received the tonsure, and became a Dominican monk. Encouraging letters which afterwards came to him from Spain, were not shown him by his superiors, and he remained quietly in the narrow circle of his monastic duties, and, as we are told, writing his history of the Indies.

He remained for eight years in the monastery in extreme seclusion. During this time Mexico had been conquered by Cortez, and Peru by Pizarro ; and the captains of Pedrarias, exceeding all other Spaniards in cruelty, had devastated the fertile regions of Nicaragua. Las Casas must have heard of all this, and we can well imagine how his benevolent heart bled at such barbarities which he was powerless to restrain. For five years he was not allowed to preach, for the monks knew what terrible truths he would utter in the pulpit, and they wished the monastery to stand well with the town.

*There is considerable incertitude as to the events of*

this part of his life. He appears in 1531 to have visited Mexico, and subsequently Peru, accompanied by some of the Dominican fathers. We next find him in Nicaragua, where, however, he did not remain long ; he refers to the atrocities committed against the Indians in this country, stating that it had been known to happen, when a body of four thousand Indians accompanied an expedition to carry burdens, that only six of them returned alive. He describes, too, how, when an Indian was sick with weariness and hunger, and unable to proceed, as a quick way of getting the chain free from the Indian, his head was cut off, and so he was disengaged from the gang in which he travelled. "Imagine," he says, "what the others must have felt."

Las Casas resisted the cruel governor of Nicaragua, doing all he could to arrest his cruelties ; but finding his efforts fruitless, he abandoned the convent there, and proceeded with three brethren to Guatemala, taking up his abode in a monastery which had been vacant for six years. Here, under the Bishop of Guatemala, an elegant scholar, they devoted themselves to the study of the Utlatecan or Quiché language. The colonists, as usual, derided the good fathers, who thought they would be able to convert the Indians. "Try it," they said ; "try with words only, and sacred exhortations, to bring the Indians to the true faith." Las Casas took them at their word, and said he would try it.

There was a neighbouring province called by the



Spaniards "the land of war;" this district was a terror to them; thrice they had attempted to penetrate it, and had returned defeated. Being a country which was irritated against them, it was therefore more difficult to penetrate than an untried one. But Las Casas boldly undertook the enterprise; a formal compact was entered into between him and the governor of Guatemala, in which it was admitted that the Indians of that province were fierce men in revolt, whom no Spaniard dared go near; but that if Las Casas or his monks could bring these Indians into conditions of peace, so that they should recognise the Spanish monarch as their lord, and pay him moderate tribute, the governor would place those provinces under his majesty in chief, and not give them to any private Spaniard in *encomienda*. Moreover, for five years no Spaniard was to be allowed to enter that territory. The agreement was dated 2d May 1537. Las Casas and his monks prepared by long fasting and prayer for their enterprise. Then they translated into verse in the Quiché language the great doctrines of the Church and events of Scripture history; they next called to their aid four Indian merchants, who went several times a-year with merchandise into "the land of war;" they taught these men with care to repeat the couplets they had composed, which they soon did so well, that there was nothing left to be desired; then the verses were set to music, so that they might be accompanied by the *Indian instruments*. The merchants were to enter

"the land of war" not only with their own merchandise, but furnished as well with small wares to please the natives, such as scissors, knives, looking-glasses, etc. Their destination was the *pueblo* of a great and warlike chief of those parts, who had many powerful alliances. Owing to the novelties they brought with them, they met with a better reception than usual. When the day's sale was over, the merchants asked for instruments of music; they also produced some timbrels and bells they had brought with them, and began to sing the verses they had learned, accompanying themselves on the musical instruments. The effect produced was very great. Never before had the Indians heard such music. The words were still more extraordinary. The majority of the audience was delighted, and pronounced these merchants to be ambassadors from new gods.

The chief, however, suspended his judgment for seven succeeding days. The sermon in song was repeated. To the chief's inquiries, the merchants replied, that they only sang what they had heard, and that the office of explaining these verses belonged to certain *padres*, who instructed the people. Of these *padres* they painted pictures in their robes of black and white, and tonsured heads. They described, too, their holy and self-denying manner of life, and said that they were such good people, and so ready to teach, that if the chief were to send for them, they would most willingly come.

The chief resolved to hear and see these marvellous

men, and sent his brother back with the merchants to invite the Dominicans to visit his country. He was received by Las Casas and his monks with every demonstration of welcome, who joyfully heard of the success of their mission.

Resolving not to risk the safety of their whole body, they sent only one monk, Father Luis Cancer, as an ambassador, as he was the most skilled in the Indian language. He therefore returned with the merchants, and with the chief's brother. His journey was a continued triumph. The difference between his dress and manners, and those of the Spaniards who had already been in Tuzutlutlan, was noticed. The chief received him with every mark of honour and reverence. At his orders a church was built. In it the father said mass in the presence of the chief, who also attentively listened to his explanation of the Christian creed. The cacique's brother gave a favourable report of what he had seen in Santiago, and the result of all these influences was such, that the Indian chieftain determined to embrace the Christian faith. With the zeal of a proselyte, he preached the new doctrine to his vassals. He was the first to pull down and burn his idols.

Father Luis's mission had been supremely successful. After visiting other parts of the country subject to the converted chief, he returned to Santiago in October 1537, where Las Casas and the monks received with ineffable delight the good tidings which *their* brother brought them. This was the first enter-

prise projected by Las Casas which had met with its due reward. He now resolved to go himself to the "land of war," taking with him Father Pedro de Angulo. The chief, Don Juan (as he had been baptized), received Las Casas with all due honours. His sincerity had been sorely tried since Father Luis's departure. Many of his people, stirred up by their priests, strongly resisted the new doctrines, and burned down the church. But Don Juan, undaunted, soon rebuilt it, and Las Casas and his brother monk said mass in it, and preached to the people, who flocked in great numbers in the open plain, to hear them. They travelled, moreover, about the country, being well received on their journey.

About this time Pope Paul III. issued a brief, in which he declared, in the most absolute manner, the fitness of the Indians for receiving Christianity, considering them "as veritable men, not only capable of receiving the Christian faith, but, as we have learned, most ready to embrace it." He also pronounced a sentence of excommunication of the most absolute kind, against all those who should reduce the Indians to slavery, or deprive them of their goods. Great was Las Casas' delight on the arrival in the Indies of these missives from the pope.

The great obstacle the fathers met with in their missionary work, was the scattered way in which the Indians lived. Las Casas desired to collect them into *pueblos* or towns, where they might hear mass, and receive the sacraments. But the Tuzutlutlans

did not like to leave their forests and mountains. They were too accustomed to a nomadic life to settle in towns. However, after great efforts, the town of Rabinal was built, a church erected, and the people taught. Las Casas and Pedro de Angulo now determined to return to Guatemala, for the purpose of consulting with the bishop, and they invited the cacique, Don Juan, to accompany them. To this he consented. We can well imagine the delight of Las Casas when he brought his convert, Don Juan, to his humble monastery. The Bishop of Guatemala hurried forth to welcome the good fathers, and to salute the chief. Even the Governor Alvarado, a fierce and cruel personage, was won by the cacique's air and manner; and taking off his own plumed hat, he placed it on the chief's head. After a short stay in Guatemala, during which Don Juan conducted himself with modesty and great gravity, they all returned to Rabinal.

Soon after, in 1539, the Bishop of Guatemala, suffering from the paucity of ecclesiastics in his district, found it necessary to send some one to Spain, and selected Las Casas for this mission. Don Juan was much disheartened when he heard of this, for, as the other monks were summoned to attend a chapter in Mexico, he feared the surrounding tribes, who were displeased with him for embracing Christianity, would no longer hesitate to make war upon him. They consoled him with the promise of their quick return. Las Casas showed great activity. When he reached

the Spanish court, he was successful in obtaining royal letters and orders, favouring his cause. Just as he was ready to return to Guatemala, he was detained, that he might assist at certain councils about to be held concerning the government of the Indies. The Franciscans, however, were sent on, and with them Father Luis Cancer, carrying all the letters and orders relating to the province of Tuzutlutlan. Before sailing, solemn proclamation was made on the steps of Seville Cathedral of the royal order, which forbade the entrance of any lay Spaniard into that province. The emperor, Charles V., was absent in Germany. Las Casas employed his time, while awaiting his return, in writing his most celebrated work, viz., "The Destruction of the Indies." He also drew up a memorial, consisting of twenty reasons, to prove that the Indians ought not to be given to the Spaniards in any manner.

The new laws which had recently been issued on Indian affairs, were a signal triumph for Las Casas; without him they would never have been enacted. The mere bodily fatigue he endured was such as hardly any man of his time not a conqueror had encountered. He had crossed the ocean twelve times. Four times he had made his way into Germany to see the emperor; he had led a much more active life than even that energetic monarch; and his journeyings were often made with all the inconvenience of poverty.

In 1543, while at Barcelona, whither he had gone

to thank the emperor for the new laws, he was offered the bishopric of Cusco, which he refused, as he feared it would limit his philanthropic plans. He did not, however, escape the episcopal dignity. The Council of the Indies insisted on his accepting the bishopric of the new see of Chiapa, and as the heads of the Dominican order were of the same opinion, Las Casas at last had to submit to the will of his superiors. He was consecrated at Seville in July 1544, and then taking with him forty-four Dominican monks, set sail for Hispaniola, where he was very ill received ; he was, indeed, the most unpopular man in the New World, being the one who had done most to restrain the cruelty, and curb the power, of the Spanish conquerors. He proceeded shortly after to Chiapa, and took up his abode at Ciudad Real, the capital of that province. The episcopal dignity made no change in the ways or manners of Las Casas. His dress was that of a simple monk, often torn and patched. He ate no meat, no gold or silver plate was to be seen in his house, his household was maintained in the simplest manner. The sufferings of the Indians oppressed his soul here in Chiapa as they had done in other parts of the New World ; he was often heard sighing and groaning at night. To defend these poor people, he forbade absolution to be given to those Spaniards who held slaves contrary to the provisions of the new laws. This measure raised a perfect storm in his diocese. There *was nothing* that the Spaniards in Ciudad Real did

not say and do to molest the bishop. Insulting verses were made against him, which the children sang in the streets. An arquebuse without ball was discharged at his window to alarm him. His dean would not obey him, and gave absolution to persons who held slaves. He went to appeal at the nearest *audiencia* in Honduras, threatening the auditors with excommunication, unless they provided a remedy for the evils of his diocese. But the president poured forth a torrent of abuse on Las Casas, saying, "You are a scoundrel, a bad man, a bad monk, a bad bishop, a shameless fellow, and deserve to be chastised." He succeeded, however, at last in persuading them to send an auditor to Ciudad Real, to see to the execution of the new laws. When the inhabitants heard of this, they determined to make the most strenuous resistance to the return of their bishop to the city. Against him, who would come unguarded and on foot, with only a stick in his hand, and a breviary in his girdle, they prepared coats of mail and corslets, arquebuses, swords, and lances. The Dominicans counselled him not to proceed, but he fearlessly continued his journey. The Indian sentinels, posted to oppose his progress, fell at his feet, and besought his pardon. When he reached Ciudad Real he went straight to the church, where he summoned the magistrates and authorities to meet him; no one spoke a word to him, or showed him any courtesy. He was rudely interrupted in his speech, a tumult arose in the church, and the bishop



was persuaded by the monks to withdraw from the crowd, and go to the convent.

Las Casas, having journeyed on foot all night, was much exhausted ; the monks were giving him some bread, when they heard a great noise and found that an armed mob surrounded the convent, some even forced their way to the cell where the bishop was. The foulest language was poured out against him. A struggle now ensued between the rioters and the monks, in which the latter gained the victory, and succeeded in clearing their convent of its invaders. By noon, however, a great change had been wrought in the minds of the populace, who were now ashamed of their conduct, and proceeding to the convent, besought the bishop's pardon on their knees.

The resistance to the new laws throughout the New World was so great, that Charles V. was obliged to revoke them. This caused Las Casas terrible anguish, but his zeal in the good cause never slackened. He left his diocese, which he was never to behold again, to attend a synod in Mexico, where, as the proceedings did not satisfy him, he resolved to go back to Spain, where he thought that near the king and council he would be able to do more good service to the Indies than by staying in his own diocese. He appointed a vicar-general to superintend it, and sailed from Mexico to Spain in 1547, where he resigned the bishopric.

In 1550 we find Las Casas at Valladolid, where

Charles V. had summoned a junta of theologians and learned men to hear the dispute between the Clerigo and one Dr Sepulveda, who had written a treatise favouring slavery. The controversy was conducted with much skill and learning on both sides. The junta ultimately pronounced a sentence concurring in Sepulveda's treatise, but his victory was a fruitless one, as the Government must have been convinced the other way, for they would not allow Sepulveda's work to enter the Indies. Of Las Casas, Sepulveda speaks "as most subtle, most vigilant, and most fluent, compared with whom the Ulysses of Homer was inert and stuttering." The bishop was then seventy-six years of age. Las Casas resided in the Dominican convent at Valladolid, and continued to exercise his self-imposed functions of protector to the Indians with his accustomed zeal. Philip II. had now succeeded to the throne of Spain, on the abdication of his father, Charles V. His finances were in a deplorable state; he had only to give up the claims of the Crown to the reversion of the *encomiendas*, and he would be sure to receive ample and immediate recompense. Never was the fate of the Indians in greater peril. Las Casas appealed to the king, through his confessor, Carranza. "What right have they to impose upon the miserable Indians tributes of money, watered with tears, to pay the debts of their Crown? How repugnant to all just ideas; and what an atrocity it is, to wish to promote the interests of the king, without thinking even of God!" Charles V., then dying

at Juste, supported the views of Las Casas, and the scheme of selling the reversion of the *encomiendas*, which would have led to the total slavery of the Indians, was abandoned.

In 1557 we find the good old man again appearing before the king to answer certain charges brought against him, and uttering the memorable words, "To my accusers I oppose an apostolate of sixty years, consecrated to the salvation of souls and the defence of human life. If the question is between the Indians driven to despair and their oppressors, the blood of four millions of men, massacred in the conquered countries, proves better than my words, which of the two nations was guilty, and ought to bear the weight of the malediction which falls on the violators of this precept: 'Thou shalt not kill.' To accomplish the mission," he continued, "which two kings, your Majesty's predecessors, have confided to me, my feet have been torn by all the thorns of the roads, my heart has bled every day during the laborious years of a struggle out of which I have often come vanquished—cursed, like St Paul; stoned, like St Stephen; dragged from tribunal to tribunal, and accused of heresy for having maintained, that the Indians are the children of God, and that their souls did not cost the Saviour less than mine or yours. I await the sentence of your tribunal in this world; if it condemns me, I appeal to the tribunal of God."

The king not only declared that he was convinced of Las Casas' innocence of all charges brought against

him, but also asked for the old man's blessing, which he gave him with much solemnity.

During the rest of his life, Las Casas continued to occupy himself in the affairs of the Indies, and to labour at his greatest literary work, "The History of the Indies." He was still engaged in this in 1561, when he was eighty-seven years of age.

In his ninetieth year he wrote a treatise on the subject of Peru, perhaps the best produced by his fertile pen. Two years later, in 1566, he came forward not to write, but to act, on behalf of his Indians. The Dominicans at Guatemala had written to inform him that the inhabitants of that province were suffering great injustice from having been deprived of their *audiencia*; and to prosecute any appeal, had to make a journey to Mexico. Las Casas at once left Valladolid for Madrid, and put the case of the Guatemalans so strongly before the king and Council of the Indies, that their *audiencia* was restored to them. This was the last work of the great philanthropist. He fell ill at Madrid, and died there, after a short illness, in July 1566, being ninety-two years of age. He was buried with due solemnity in the convent chapel of Our Lady of Atocha; and a large crowd attended his obsequies.

Las Casas well earned the title of "the great apostle of the Indies." He was not always successful, and he utterly failed as a colonist; but his work and his influence lived long after his decease. "His career affords," says Sir A. Helps, "perhaps a solitary in-

stance of a man who, being neither a conqueror, a discoverer, nor an inventor, has, by the pure force of benevolence, become so notable a figure, that large portions of history cannot be written, or at least cannot be understood, without the narrative of his deeds and efforts being made one of the principal threads upon which history is strung. In early American history, Las Casas is undoubtedly the principal figure. His extraordinary longevity has something to do with this pre-eminence. Very few men can be named who have taken so active a part in public affairs over such an extended period as nearly seventy years."





## JOHANNES FALK.

THE POOR CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

**T**HE time when everybody—even if provided by nature with a rich crop of hair round the head and temples—wore a thick, long, curly wig, which enveloped the whole head, was sprinkled with powder, and ended in a long pig-tail which hung down behind the neck and was tied up with a black ribbon—the age of perukes—has long since passed away, and there is probably no one alive now, who remembers it when it was in the height of its glory. It was a stiff, singular period, when half the world bowed beneath the iron rule of an absurd fashion ; but it was an age of fame for wig-makers, when they reaped a rich harvest, when they were unrestricted lords and masters over the heads of men, which they dressed and arranged with artistic hand. Whoever among them had not studied the deep science of perukes and pomades in Paris, Vienna, London, or Berlin, soon lost his customers, who forsook him for some empty braggart who could boast that he had visited one of

those capitals. No trade rose and fell so completely with the reigning and deposed fashions, as that of the wig-maker.

Thus an old master of this art, whose name was Johann Daniel Falk, and who lived in the seaport of Danzig, felt it to be. In his youth he had prospered well enough, but because he had not followed the progress of wigs, because he kept to the old form which he had been accustomed to in his early days, he lost all the custom of the upper circles of society, and had to confine himself to serving old bachelors who passed their time in dark back streets, from which they rarely emerged, and old-fashioned burghers, who prided themselves on wearing their wedding coat and wedding wig to their graves, as the most honourable of decorations—a class, however, which naturally was quickly vanishing. Thus it came to pass that wig-maker Falk became very poor. Still never a word escaped him against—not his trade, for he never called it that—but his art; to him it was the first in the world, for had it not to do with the noblest part of man—his head?

Falk was a married man; his wife belonged to a Genevese family who had settled in Danzig. She was a member of the Moravian Church; Falk, too, professed the Reformed faith. Their eldest son, who in baptism received, after his father, the names of Johannes Daniel, was born on the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, 1768. A rigid piety reigned in the Falk household; the boy was very strictly brought up, and

strenuously guarded against the influences of the world. His bright enterprising spirit often rebelled against this severe discipline. In those times it was not the custom, as often now-a-days, for the son, if his father's profession does not suit him, or if he wishes to rise a step higher in the ladder, to choose another, to which the father himself is glad enough to help him. Then sons almost always followed their father's trade ; if they did not, they were regarded as wild, peculiar, and discontented beings.

It was Master Falk's fixed determination that his son Johannes should appear before the world as the most skilful among wig-makers ; the gentle, talented boy knew this was to be his fate, and he did his best to look forward to it with composure.

Old Master Falk thought very little indeed of learning and knowledge, for he had himself gathered no treasures from them, and, as he thought, had got on well enough through life without these needless tormentors of the brain. With such views accorded well his dim suspicion that the outside of the head, with which the wig-maker had to do, was the more important part, and the clear conviction that he wanted the means to give his son that education which the lad desired.

The boy was sent to school. He soon displayed his superior talents, far surpassing most of his school-fellows ; but when he was only eleven, had just learned to read and write tolerably, and knew how to cipher a little, his father took him away from school and



placed him in his workshop. Johannes had to help his father, mend or dye his customers' old wigs which had become red or yellow through age, apply the powder brush, and plait the pig-tails. Here the boy suffered unspeakably. His father did all in his power to damp his ardour for knowledge, but he could not succeed in this ; the few pence which customers gave the little fellow when he brought home their wigs he employed in borrowing books from a lending library, which he would read behind his father's back. Once his mother discovered him reading, but she was too kind-hearted to disturb him. She could not perceive any danger in the boy reading books, if he liked so to employ his time.

When the poor boy had no light, he would stand under a street lantern to read his books, even in the severest winter, when his fingers were so frozen that he could scarcely turn the leaves. They had given him Wieland's translation of Lucian, which he eagerly devoured. "He, too, was poor, and the child of humble folk," he wrote to his cousin, "as I am, and stood in a workshop, as I do ; yet afterwards he became a learned and famous man. I felt when I read this, my heart beat for joy."

An accident happened to him ; he was run over by a cart and confined for some weeks to his bed ; then he could read to his heart's content, and after he got well, and was obliged to go on with his work as before, how often he longed for that time to come over again. Love of music and the skill with which he played the

violin obtained his admission, when he was twelve years old, into the choir of the Roman Catholic church. One day Father Lambert, who had taken a great fancy to him, led the young chorister into his cell, and began a serious talk with him. "Listen, Johannes," he said, "would not you like to become a Catholic?" Johannes shuddered, and said decidedly, "No ! reverend Pater, no, I was baptized to Christ and to Calvin, and in this faith I mean to die !" and then tears rolled down the cheeks of the little confessor. The father continued kindly : "Well, well ! don't be frightened, my son ; one may surely ask a question, and the Church forces no one." Just then the violins in the choir struck up. "Come," said he, "the mass has begun !" and the danger of becoming a Catholic was passed for ever. But it seems singular that the strict Protestant, Falk, should have allowed his son to join the Roman Catholic choir, and that the Church authorities should have accepted the services of a Protestant chorister, but those were laxer days than these.

Other and worse dangers beset the lad ; his father had a dissipated apprentice who persuaded Johannes to go out with him in the evening, and tried to lead him into bad company, and wicked ways. But the grace of God upheld the boy ; he saw the snares around him, and kept in the right path, henceforth shunning the society of the apprentice.

Every day did his work become more repulsive to him ; he was almost in despair ; sometimes he made the resolve, secretly, to run away, that he might break

the hated yoke from off his neck. His father had promised him permission, if he worked diligently the previous day, to go to the Catholic church and witness the procession of Corpus Christi, in June 1784. Johannes performed his part of the agreement, but his mother, probably owing to Protestant strictness, made objections, though she had previously consented. Johannes was indignant, forgot himself in angry words, received corporal chastisement, ran away, and said he would never cross the threshold of his parents' house again. He went down to the harbour; he gazed after the ships which were swiftly sailing across the sea to those unknown and distant lands which he longed to visit. How much better to be cabin-boy on board one of these vessels, he thought, than a wig-maker. He offered his services to several skippers, but all refused to have anything to say to the runaway boy; they treated him with sailor-like roughness; his ignorance of English was also a hindrance to his getting a berth on ship-board. But an old woman whom he met, a sailor's wife, invited him to supper with her that evening, and said she would then find him ways and means of going to the East Indies. This encouraged him, and now he hastened to the church, where the procession in all its splendour was just passing along. All were kneeling, and he knelt too; clouds of incense, almost veiling the blaze of lights on the altar, rose in the air; the loud tones of the organ shook the building, and seemed almost to take away his breath; then followed the sweet soft strains

of voices, and these seemed to touch his heart. He was softened now, God seemed to be speaking to him, he prayed fervently, he implored forgiveness, he vowed never to leave his parents again, but whatever happened, meekly to endure everything. He returned home and asked pardon of his father and mother, which was readily granted.

In this event of his life, Falk recognised the work of his guardian angel, but still more plainly did he perceive the helping hand of his God in a deliverance from the jaws of death. One day just after Christmas Day, he had gone on the ice to skate with his younger brother. As he darted, swift as an arrow, over the smooth surface, suddenly a large opening in the ice, from which the water was spouting up, yawned before him, and in a moment he was engulfed in the cold waters of the Vistula. When he perceived that all was over with him, after he had commended his poor soul to God, an eager curiosity arose in his mind as to what would happen to that soul after its separation from the body. His first thought under the water was, "Must I lose my life in such a pitiable manner?" His second, "Alas! my poor parents, my dear mother, and my beloved father. Oh! that I could spare you both this sorrow in your old age." His third, "If brother Carl should also have met with the same accident, how sad." His fourth, "Lord Jesus, I live to Thee, I die to Thee, Thine I am now and for eternity." As he was saying Amen to this, he suddenly felt a hand pull-

ing him up from the depth. It was that of his little brother. The boatmen had warned him of the danger, but following only the impulse of his heart, he had seized his brother, whom the rising waves had thrown up again, by the hand, and held to him with convulsive strength ; and when the weight drew him down upon the ice he would not loose his hold of the hand, even when the ice cut his face and arm so that the blood flowed ; yes, even when he was himself up to his waist in water, and the warm blood was coming out of his wet clothes, then he cried aloud and wept, but still he held tight to his brother's hand ; and when the fishermen cried out, " You see that you can't save him, leave him to God's mercy," he cried out all the louder, and wept and prayed more fervently, but he did not let the hand go, till the fishermen came with hooks and poles, and drew out both the brothers. And when Johannes recovered his consciousness he asked his brother why he was bleeding so ? He gave no answer, but fell weeping upon his neck, kissed and caressed him, and was only too happy that he was again alive ; and in the night he often got up from his own bed and went to his brother's, drew aside the curtains, put his ear close to the face of the sleeping one to hear if he breathed, and then joyfully announced to his parents, " Yes, he still lives ! " All praised God for this wonderful deliverance ; but his aunt, Anna Martens, who, like his mother, belonged to the Moravians, said, " Johannes, God has been with thee again. He will not leave thee nor forsake thee, if

thou forsakest not Him, for I know and am certain in my mind that the Lord hath chosen thee for His service."

When Falk experienced this deliverance, he had already been relieved from the servitude which was so obnoxious to him. A master of the English language, named Dromwert, and his mother, had at last persuaded his father that he must allow Johannes to study. He consented at last, under the condition that the boy should still work a couple of hours daily, in his shop. Happy indeed was the son that he was now permitted to learn. Twice a week he went to be taught by Dromwert. The sons of the nobility, with their swords by their sides and feathers in their hats, turned up their noses at their poor fellow-scholar, but the boy quickly getting far ahead of them in knowledge, soon put them to shame. He studied half the night, worked so hard and made such progress, that at Easter 1785, he was able to enter the high school of the town and begin the study of theology. He often shed bitter tears on account of his poverty, which obliged him to depend upon the charity of others, who supplied the means for his education.

Now came the time when he was ready to enter the university. The town council of Danzig offered him the necessary funds, and when the day for his departure drew near, he was summoned before the mayor and council at the town hall. Here the venerable men sat in their robes of office, and before them, in dignified modesty, with tears of gratitude in

his eyes, stood Johannes Falk. The councillors gave him their hands, and blessed him, and while one of the old men held the youth's hand in his own, he said these significant words: "Johannes! you are now going from hence. May God be with you! You remain our debtor, for we have adopted you, and as a poor child, have supported you by our charity. You must pay this debt. Wherever hereafter God may lead you, and whatever may be the future destiny of your life, never forget that you were a poor boy. And if ever, in the course of your life, a poor child knocks at your door, remember that it is we, perhaps long since dead, the old grey-haired Burgermaster and councillors of Danzig, who are knocking, and do not drive them away from your doors!"

It was in his youthful years that Falk's life received that germ of charity, which bore such abundant fruit in his maturer age. The assistance he had received from the benevolent, the words of the kind councillor, made an indelible impression on his soul, and God's wonderful help to him, was as a revelation of the eternal Love, which always drew him back to Himself, and which he praised in his words and deeds.

It was in the year 1787 that Falk went to the university of Halle to study theology. In those days there was a great want of depth and sincerity in religion, especially among learned men, and it was *probably this* unreality which induced Falk, like

several other earnest minds, to leave theology, and seek other branches of knowledge. He appears to have devoted himself mostly, to classical literature. He remained three years at the university, supported partly by the benevolence of the Danzigers, partly by his own industry, in giving private lessons, for which he was well paid.

He devoted himself much to poetry, of which, in these days, he wrote a good deal himself; he was enthusiastic, mystical; he had evidently lost some of the deep child-like faith of his youth, and had become imbued with the rationalistic errors of the age. But the time of darkness and unbelief did not last long. It was Charity, the love of God, and the desire to help and to save others, which brought him back into the right way.

In 1797 Johannes Falk married Caroline Elisabeth Rosenfeld of Halle. In 1801 we find him at Weimar, which henceforth became his home. In this little town all the great men of Germany—poets and philosophers—had taken up their residence; here he learned to know Herder and Schiller, in their declining years; to Goethe he attached himself with all the devotion of an enthusiastic disciple, but of one who still knew how to maintain his own steadfast opinions.

So great and varied was his knowledge, so well informed was he on every possible subject, that an old citizen of Weimar, who for a long time had served as a soldier, once said of him, "Yes, Herr Falk could well serve both in the infantry and cavalry, and



if a gunner was wanted, he might just as well take his place in the artillery."

The gradual change which took place in Falk's inner life was no theoretical, but a thoroughly practical one. It was not accomplished by a train of thought, but by the fate of the nation in which God was declaring to the generation of that day, that however much He might be forgotten, He was still the eternal Ruler among them. Falk was a fiery patriot before he became a living Christian. It was the sufferings of the patriot, which led to the awakening of the spiritual life within him. The scourge of satire with which he had hitherto in his writings lashed humanity, was now, under Napoleon's tyranny in Germany, changed into a preaching of repentance to his fatherland.

Those were evil days which Falk had now to experience. In 1806 the Prussian army was utterly defeated at Jena and Auerstadt, and the whole of Germany lay at the mercy of the French invaders. After the battle of Jena, Falk gave up writing for acting. His warm, loving heart made him turn all his attention towards helping and delivering his oppressed and impoverished fellow-countrymen. The French had taken possession of Weimar and all the surrounding districts, and imposed upon them, as was their custom, the heaviest war contributions. To collect these taxes and to obtain provisions, the French officials required an intelligent interpreter. The poet Wieland advised Falk to offer himself as secretary to the French commission. He accepted the post, that by it he

might be useful to his German fellow-countrymen. He displayed both courage and wisdom. He softened much severity, and prevented much injustice. His energy in their behalf obtained for him among the peasantry the name of the "kind councillor;" and his sovereign, the Grand Duke, afterwards bestowed on him the title of "Legation's Councillor," as well as the Order of the Falcon, and a pension. He passed through the years of servitude which followed 1806, without performing any homage to Napoleon; indeed, he looked forward with confidence to the overthrow of the tyrant, through God's avenging hand. He worked on indefatigably, relieving, protecting, calming angry passions on both sides; his perfect knowledge of the French language enabling him often to act as mediator. He lived only for the suffering, and was never tired of seeking for means to relieve them, when his own were exhausted. He had already won many hearts in Weimar, and they united with his to aid him in his generous labours. The year of deliverance was now approaching. Just before the battle of Leipzig, the troops of the Duke of Ragusa, lately arrived from Spain, entered the duchy of Weimar. They pillaged the houses, laid waste the corn-fields, shamefully ill-treated the people. By the light of the burning villages, trembling men and women might be seen wandering about near their desolated homesteads. Falk was deeply moved at this calamity. He left his family, and betook himself, quite alone, but strong as an army through his trust in God, and his hearty

love for his fellow-men, into the very thick of the turmoil of war, to help these poor people. Wherever the invaders exercised unlawful force, he was immediately present. Courageously would he seize their plunder from the marauding soldiers, and give it back to the owners. In the large pockets of his coat he concealed purses, watches, wedding-rings, which the people entrusted to him. Wherever he went, terrible pictures were presented to his eyes. Full sheaves of wheat were thrown as straw to the horses; the roads were strewn with the scattered corn; stolen horses were sold again for a couple of florins; the sheep on the pastures were shorn, and then roasted; the oxen were led from the plough to the fire; and wherever wood was wanted, the soldiers tore down the staircases of the houses, and piled them on the flames. Falk felt that speedy action must be taken, to put an end to this state of things, should it last much longer. The peasantry, driven to despair, would rise against their oppressors, and then would surely be massacred by them. He wrote to the French general, De Coehorn, who had sufficient foresight to entrust him with a company of soldiers, whose orders were to obey him implicitly. With them Falk marched through the duchy of Weimar and the adjacent districts, arrested the cruelly arbitrary conduct of the military, and restored law and order, so far as was in his power. The battle of Leipzig quite changed the scene. Instead of insolent and exacting, wretched fugitive French soldiers were henceforth *only to be seen*. The remnant of the grand army fled

through Thuringia. The misery which seemed to be concentrated at Leipzig, now spread throughout the country. What the sword had spared, the pestilence carried off. Like a destroying angel, it passed from east to west. The flying soldiers left it in their track, spreading destruction around. It passed through the towns and villages, whose inhabitants were already half dead through famine and fear. The pursuing Germans saw with horror the dead-carts, the funeral processions, black dresses, and weeping eyes. In one single village, sixty orphans wept over the graves of their parents. Thousands of children of all ages were not only orphaned, but by the decease of all their relations, bereft of any support whatever.

And now the angel of death knocked at Johannes Falk's door too. Of his six blooming children, it snatched from him four—two boys and two girls—in a few weeks ; he also was smitten by the fever and longed for death, so burdened with sorrow was his soul. "Thus are we men," he said ; "we all are willing to build tabernacles with Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration ; but the nights on Golgotha, the temptations, the bitter hours in Gethsemane—to watch through these with our Lord, to bear the cross and the crown of thorns after Him, to sweat blood—these we will not have, these inspire our natural man with fear, anguish, horror, trembling ; oh ! how hard it is in such bitter hours of trial to pray, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done,' from a really quiet, upright, God-resigned heart."

Falk recovered. He was completely restored to health both of body and mind. National and family sorrow had laid open the inmost recesses of his heart, so that the stream of love which springs from the cross, could flow into it unchecked. The people's confidence, he had won by his former activity, and now in the overwhelming distress, came working-men who wished to begin their employment again, of which they had been deprived ; peasants who had no seed corn, and prayed for help ; but above all, it was the children, hundreds of children, who as orphans wandered about utterly neglected, begging, even stealing, in order not to starve. Falk immediately founded the "Union of Friends in Need." At Weimar, Jena, Eisenach, and beyond, he sent out his appeal, and a fund was formed, by means of which poor boys could be placed in workshops or under honest tradesmen. Hundreds of orphans were by his means received into the houses of good pious families in Weimar and the neighbourhood. In his own house he had twelve children ; new comers, too, he kept some time with him to become acquainted with them ; those who were specially neglected he did not like to send away from his own personal care, and lads who required a higher education, especially for the clerical profession, belonged also to his family. He had said in his soul, I will be a father and a refuge to these forsaken ones : He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," He will assist me with His *grace and help*.





*'Clothed, cleansed, fed, and preserved from the demoralising effects of beggary.'*—*HEROES OF CHARITY*, p. 109.

But in course of time the children who gathered round him increased so greatly, that he was obliged to lodge them in a house built for the purpose ; here he passed much of his time ; he held Bible classes, gave instruction in music and singing. For the girls, he had a sewing, spinning, and knitting school. On Sunday, all the children met together to be instructed by members of the Union.

A beautiful work of Christian love had thus grown out of the misery of the times. Falk felt that he was not alone in his labour, but that a number of good men, also filled with the love of Christ, were ready to sustain and assist him. And thus he was able to build his Home—a home of Christian charity, in which fatherless, motherless, homeless children were rescued from misery, rags, and sin—clothed, cleansed, fed, and preserved from the demoralising effects of beggary ; but of far greater importance was the spiritual instruction, the soul-saving education which, by the daily reading and explaining of the pure Word of God, he planted in their souls.

By the Pietistic (or Puritan) party in Germany, Falk was not regarded as orthodox ; he was looked upon as a mystic, and somewhat tainted with rationalism. “God has many kinds of flowers in His garden of Paradise,” said the pious Blochmann of Dresden, who rejoiced in Falk’s energetic charity. His Christianity was of a more liberal, more cheerful character than that of the stern, well-meaning Pietists, in whose mode of education there was something gloomy and depressing,



They dwelt too much on constant mourning for sin, on shunning the world, while the joy of being children of God, the happiness of living in the world and yet being preserved from its contaminations, and of enjoying all God's creatures with thanksgiving, never entered into their system. They expected from children those experiences of sin and of grace, which can only be looked for from those who in mature life have passed through the toil and heat of the day ; they forbade play, the exuberance of natural youthful joy—even the love of music, unless it was connected with a decided tone of Christian faith. With Falk, everything was different. He brought to his work a full warm heart, which beat for the people, as well as all the freshness and animation of his poetic nature, which knew how to combine the old and the new, the experiences of youth and the sorrows of manhood, seriousness and humour. He would make use of popular songs and traditions, to attract the children round him ; and to rivet their attention, he would then lead them on to see how the child of God ought to shake off the bonds of sin, and be set free from the slavery of Satan. He lived with the children ; the best part of his life he gave up to them. From early morn to late at night he was hard at work ; now, at his household duties, now writing letters which went forth as messengers or petitioners of Christian love throughout the world. Daily, hourly, he had to teach, to punish, to soothe, to comfort. The very freedom which he granted to his children proved the strongest means of binding

them to him. He said that "Christ and the Scriptures were quite right, that love does overcome everything—doors, strong bars, drawbridges, and wicked men." In this confidence in the power of love, he could say to a pupil, who had run away several times, after having exposed his folly to him, "God forces none of us to be saved, and yet He is Almighty! If you want to run away, remember this—in order not to make a mistake—there are two doors in this house. If you want to run off to Frankfort, through Luther's Lane is the shortest way; but if you incline to Leipzig, you must go out by the other door. At six A.M. they are opened, and at ten P.M. shut again, so you can arrange accordingly." The boy in fact ran away once more, but only to return with tears, and to remain ever after in the fold of God. The strongest hindrance to running away was the children's love for Falk's society. The lessons were never dry; the story of God's love was illustrated by incidents from real life. During the work, beautiful hymns, many of them composed by Falk himself, were sung. The whole tale of Luther's life he related to his pupils in excellent rhyme, introducing into it several hymns, which they sang. Often did he lead his troop of children out upon the mountains of Thuringia, that they might read God's Word as written in the stars of heaven, and in the flowers of the field, and learn to understand His voice in the sighing of the wind and in the rustling of the leaves of the forest.

Every event which took place in Falk's family

seemed to give a fresh impulse to his work of rescuing and receiving poor children. In March 1819 God took from him, at the age of nineteen, his hopeful son Edward. Overwhelmed with grief, Falk sat with his wife and family beside the corpse. An hour after the death of this beloved son, there was a knock at the door. "Oh, that thou wouldest appear to me once more, that thou wouldest only once again enter that door, my Edward—only once more," cried the poor mother, her eyes fixed on the lifeless form. A poor boy of fourteen entered the room. "You have had pity on so many poor children from our parts! Will you take pity on me too? Since my seventh year I have had neither father nor mother." So ran his petition, which began with tears and ended with sobs. Then the poor mother, who still lay at the feet of her deceased son, and who could look to no other consolation than death for herself too, suddenly covered her face with both hands; at last, rising from the ground, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven and sighed, "Oh my God, Thou sendest us the children of strangers, whom we so readily receive into our house, but our own Thou takest from us!" The boy was received. But the parents, the mother especially, were so affected by this fresh wound in their hearts that the doctors ordered them for a time to retire into some quiet country solitude. Falk settled at the foot of the Wartburg, where the charms of nature, the wooded mountains, the bright streams in the valleys, the historical recollections, all wrought a beneficial effect

on his mind and on that of his wife. They then made a journey to Frankfort, and in autumn returned to their children. For two years God granted them rest after their sorrow, but at Easter came a new affliction, their daughter Angelica, aged sixteen, suddenly sickened and died. Already were they well practised in the prayer, "Thy will be done," and they grew not weary in the work which God had laid upon them; and fresh strength was just now indeed needful. The owner of the house which hitherto Falk had used for his refuge, suddenly gave him notice to quit. Falk sought vainly in Weimar for a house for himself and his flock of children. Then the report was spread in the town that Falk was going to move to Luther's Lane. There stood the large old house of the former Count of Orlamunde, uninhabited, deserted, dilapidated; as no other refuge offered itself, it seemed like a ray of light and hope to his soul. "I will go," he thought, "to Luther's Lane, and will myself with my children build a new house in room of the old one." It was done, the house was bought, 5000 thalers must be paid for it within a certain time; but he had not a farthing. Then the building too must be done. "Trust in God, trust in God, my friends," cried Falk, "and in God's name, with collected thoughts and with a cheerful hand, put all your strength to the work which is pleasing to God, and we shall have everything, often more than we require." So he went hopefully to work. He sent printed circulars which gave information about the work

through Germany and Holland, and many gifts flowed in from Christian hearts; Falk gave more than 3000 thalers of his own property. And while he and his many helpers were thus seeking for the means, the busy hands of the pupils were working at the new building. The old house was pulled down and the foundation-stone of a new one laid in 1823. "May no fire consume thee! May no waters overwhelm thee! May the ducal house of Weimar increase thee! And may the fatherland honour thee!" Such was the blessing which Falk sealed with his own seal, placed under the foundation-stone. And now the new house began to rise, according to his regulations, "A house shall be built here in Luther's Lane, where every tile on the roof, every lock in the doors, every chair and table in the rooms, shall be the product of the industry of Falk's sons." And his blessing over the house was, "As long as this house receives poor children within its walls, the blessing of God will rest upon it and its inhabitants; but from the moment when it shall mercilessly close its doors against poor children, the blessing shall depart from it." When the house was completed, an inscription on a black marble tablet was placed on it—"After the battles of Jena, Lutzen, and Leipzig, the friends of those in need erected, by the hands of two hundred rescued boys, this house, as an eternal altar of thanksgiving to the Lord."

Now Falk was able to have his pupils in much larger numbers near him, and with greater earnestness

than ever, did he care for the salvation of their souls, and for their growth in knowledge. He experienced much joy in his pupils. Many an honest tradesman, many a good schoolmaster, and many a pious pastor had to thank him for the love which rescued them from poverty and neglect, and raised and educated them to become worthy and useful members of society. We may here, in his own words, give an illustration of Falk's charity, and of his kindness in receiving those poor children who came to him. He relates :

"It was during the famine in 1816, on a dull November day, it was raining, snowing, blowing as if the heavens would fall, when a poor boy with a pale face, on two crutches, his wounded hands and feet wrapped up in rags, entered our prayer room, where we were then assembled, and stood in the midst of the children.

" 'Dear sir,' he began, in a voice often choked by long and continual weeping, 'will you not help and assist me in my great trouble? This is now the third year that I have been wandering about the country on my crutches. I come from the Schwarzburg district. My parents have twelve children, and scarcely bread enough for one! To my great misfortune, I trod upon a rotten oak plank when I was carrying a heavy bundle of salt near Arnstadt. The plank broke, and I fell into a swamp, in which I should probably have perished, had not my cries been heard by some waggoners from Arnstadt, who came and

dragged me out. It was late in autumn then. The cold and damp probably did me harm, for soon after my legs were covered with terrible sores, which daily became worse, and when my parents saw they could do nothing for me, they sent me to beg with a pair of crutches and a stick. Thus for three years I have got my bread wandering through the whole of the Thuringian country. Because the rain is always pouring down upon me, it seemed that my wounds would never heal. In Grafenhein, too, there are fierce dogs who cannot bear beggar boys ; they attacked me and bit me till I bled. This often happened to me in villages. I fear, because I am so small and weak, that some day the big farmers' dogs or the hounds in the Thuringian forest will tear me in pieces. Oh, dear sir, I entreat you, for the love of Christ, have compassion upon me, grant me a little rest ! Place me in a workshop ; I will be a tailor, or anything else you like !' Thus ended Ludwig Minner's words. I reflected for a moment, but then I turned comforted to my children, and I said to them, with joyful confidence, these words : ' Dear children, we are now in great want and penury, and in this famine are probably about to endure a still greater visitation. Although a pound of bread now costs as much as a pound of meat used to do, and I, humanly speaking, scarcely know whence I can procure bread for you in future, to say nothing of the other necessities of life, yet the all merciful God knows I would not on that account send one of you away to suffer the misery on the high

roads, about which you have just heard this Ludwig Minner tell us. Look ! the waters of tribulation have risen very high, and the storms have almost passed over our heads ; but I believe that because this trouble has come from the Lord, that help out of it will not this time fail, from Him who has made the heaven and earth. We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." How then could the eternal Father, who clothes the lilies in the field, and does not forget the birds of the air, forget so many poor children in Thuringen, who are so earnestly commended to His protection and care ? Not only, dear children, will I not send away any one of you in these hard times, but in God's name I will increase your number by this Ludwig Minner, who is a stranger to our parts, being from Schwarzburg. But I tell you, and I will remind you of these my words at the proper time, that blessing and prosperity will flow to our home from our reception of this Ludwig Minner ; and God, who has not sent him to us to-day in vain, through snow and rain across the Thuringian forest, will also provide bread, not for him only, but for all of us.'

"And so it really turned out. A merciful Samaritan, a poor country tailor, received for the payment of a small sum, Ludwig Minner into his workshop. His wounds were all healed. By next midsummer he was able to walk without crutches. And just at that very time it happened that the Grand Ducal family of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt made the institution a present of 500 thalers, with the truly humane admonition,



that if ever a wandering child of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt came to us now or in the future, we should kindly hold out a helping hand to him. Thus did our Heavenly Father recompense us for the unlimited confidence we had reposed in Him."

One of Falk's pupils, Johannes Denner, has written an autobiography, and described how he was received by Falk as a poor boy in 1822, how afterwards he became a sort of clerk to him, sometimes too, making journeys to collect money for Falk's institution. From his book we learn much of Falk in the later years of his life. Nothing can be more amiable, more confidential, more thoroughly hearty, than the intercourse between the learned, scientific man, the friend of Goethe, and this poor youth. He writes charming letters to his young friend, now full of cheerful humour, now of deep seriousness: "If you come to the Baltic and hear its waves roaring, greet it from me, and tell it that the poor Johannes who belongs to it has indeed stilled many a tear and sigh, but he has shed and heaved many a one himself too. You asked for a long and large letter, and yet you are so small yourself. But I cannot refuse you. May God's blessing be with you, my dear boy, at every step you take. May an invisible guard of angels surround you and hold you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone."

When Denner, in 1825 and 1826, was making his second journey to the Rhine and Holland, Falk could not refrain in his letters from mentioning how his illness afflicted him. "Pray for thy sick father," he

wrote in October 1825, "who watches many a lonely hour awake on his bed, and fervently commends thee to the Almighty's protection;" and, a week later, "I cannot stand, I cannot walk, I cannot sit, I cannot move or stir, I cannot get a wink of sleep all night; my appetite is quite gone, and at the least movement of my body I feel as if I were suddenly pierced by a thousand knives. This terrible disease, which is more intolerable than death, they call sciatica. . . . May God, who has lain this heavy cross upon me, help me to bear it with patience and resignation to His will."

The patient cheerfulness with which he endured his sufferings was more forcible than any sermon. He experienced, as he said, the history of Job. But he resisted the tempter. Every hour of relief was full of praise to God, and of work for his family. The pupils came to his bedside to be taught. Till his last day, he gave his orders as usual, and even dictated poetry. Three days before his death he wrote the introduction to his book on Luther, in which he related to the German people, the story of the Reformer in popular rhyme. Then he made his will, and told his daughter to read it to him aloud. When she came to the inscription he had made for his tomb, and burst out crying, he raised his voice once more, and repeated the words himself, then he exclaimed, "Go on, my daughter; be my heroic girl!"

On the 14th February he asked for the Holy Communion. One of his greatest opponents administered

it to him, and became in consequence his greatest admirer. Soon the last struggle came. One could only hear the broken words, "God—for the people—in short—Christ—the point." The victory was won. Carl Reinthaler, who had hastened from Erfurt, and who stood with the widow and four children at the deathbed, closed his friend's eyes with a silent prayer. Three days after, the pupils laid Falk's body to rest in his family vault, where the inscription, on a plain stone, beneath a green lime-tree, marks the spot :

" Through Christ the Lord from sin set free,  
There lies beneath this green lime-tree  
Johannes Falk, whose native land  
Was by the Baltic's distant strand.  
When called by God to Weimar's town,  
He left his parents, friends, and home ;  
Children who come here from afar  
Breathe for him a humble prayer :  
' Eternal God, to Thee we commend  
The soul of him, the children's friend,  
Because he them received with love ;  
Oh ! grant him rest with Thee above ! ' "

In the original :

" Unter diesen grünen Linden  
Ist durch Christus frei von Sünden  
Herr *Johannes Falk* zu finden.  
An der ost see fernem Strande  
Liess er Eltern und Verwandte,  
Da ihn Gott zur Ilme sandte.  
Kinder die aus fremden Städten  
Diesen stillen ort betreten

Sollen also für ihn beten :  
Ewger Vater dir befehle  
Ich des Vaters arme Seele  
Hier in dunkler Grabes höhle !  
Weil er Kinder aufgenommen,  
Lass ihn ja mit allen Frommen  
Als dein kind auch zu dir Kommen."





## AUGUSTUS HERMANN FRANCKE.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

**L**UBECK, formerly one of the Hanse towns, and a rich, prosperous, and commercial city, has now greatly fallen from the splendour of its early days. But its quaint old houses, with their lofty ornamented gables, the majestic towers and spires of its cathedral and churches, the picturesque old city gates, and the venerable Rathhaus, all bear witness to the wealth and prosperity of the dull old town in past times.

Here, on the 22d March 1663, the great German philanthropist and divine, Augustus Hermann Francke, was born. His family had originally come from a Thuringian village, his grandfather having settled down as a baker at Lubeck, in which trade he had made a tolerable fortune; his father was a barrister, and owing to his talents and upright character, was held in universal esteem. His mother was the daughter of the Imperial Councillor and Burger-master of Lubeck, David Gloxin. When little August

Hermann was three years old, his father was summoned to Gotha as privy councillor to the ducal court, but four years after he died there. His sister Anna, who was three years his senior, at that time exercised great influence over the susceptible mind of her brother Augustus Hermann. She early gave him a taste for religion, so that the boy earnestly implored his mother to let him have a room to himself, where he could study and pray, undisturbed. Here he once prayed, "Oh ! good God, there must be all sorts of trades and professions which all contribute in the end to Thy honour. But I implore Thee to grant that my whole life may be solely and alone directed to Thy service and to Thine honour." Death, alas, early snatched away the beloved sister from him.

Augustus Hermann was at this time instructed by private tutors, and showed such an extraordinary zeal and such excellent talents, that in his thirteenth year he was received into the highest class of the gymnasium (or high school) at Gotha. A year later he was ready for the university. But his mother was wise enough not to allow her son to enter it at the early age of fourteen, and kept him at home for two years, during which time he continued to study Latin and Greek under one of his former masters. In his sixteenth year, he went to the neighbouring university of Erfurt, and he began to study theology, but six months after repaired to Kiel, where, through his uncle Gloxin, he received a considerable family stipend. Together with his theological and philo-

sophical studies he also found here an opportunity of learning English, but in Hebrew he had hitherto made little progress. He went therefore in the third year of his residence at Kiel to Hamburg, where, under the direction of the celebrated Ezra Edzardi, he occupied himself exclusively with that language. Then at his mother's wish he returned to Gotha, where he perfected himself in those branches of knowledge he had already acquired, zealously devoted himself to the study of modern languages, and read the Old Testament through in the original several times.

In his one and twentieth year, Francke proceeded to Leipzig to instruct a young student there in Hebrew; a year later he took his M.A. degree, and began to give lectures, which were eagerly and regularly attended by the students. He acquired, however, still more honour through the establishment of a union of young theological students, who undertook to meet on Sunday afternoons, that they might read the Scripture together, and endeavour to understand its right meaning. So much interest was excited by these meetings, and so many attended them, that Professor Alberti had to give up his large hall for them to be held in.

The celebrated theologian Spener, who just at that time was appointed court preacher at Dresden, took the deepest interest in this new and unprecedented kind of theological study; encouragement and good *advice on his part* were not wanting. Hitherto all

had prospered according to the wishes of the young student. He had learned much, and employed so successfully what he had learned, that he enjoyed an almost universal esteem and respect. Others would perhaps have been content with this, but Francke was too severe towards himself, too different from the rest of the world, to feel at ease. His pious humble disposition began to inquire of himself, "What with all your outward successes have you obtained for your inward man?" "As concerns my Christianity," he wrote afterwards, "during the first years I was at Leipzig, it was especially imperfect and lukewarm. My intention was to become a learned and respected man; to be rich and to live in comfort would not have been unacceptable to me, although I did not wish it to appear, that such was my aim. The designs of my heart were vain, and directed to temporal matters only in the future. I was striving more to please men, and to place myself in their good graces, than to please the living God in heaven. In short, I was outwardly and inwardly, a man of the world, who was increasing in sin."

The man who is striving after perfection finds himself on the road thitherward as soon as he rightly understands what is still lacking in him. When Francke put the above questions to himself, he felt a deep longing for the attainment of real faith in God. Outward circumstances which pointed to a change of life now came to his aid, while trouble and sorrow were not wanting, so that the pure metal might be cleansed



from the dross, and proved in the fiery furnace of affliction.

By the wish of his uncle Gloxin, who still continued the annual stipend, Francke went to complete his theological studies at Luneburg, under the superintendent Sandhagen. It was here, far away from the noisy, busy life of Leipzig, in his solitary room, while preparing a sermon on true faith, that Francke came to the conviction that real Christianity was not yet alive in him ; it was here that his true relation to God and his Redeemer came vividly before his eyes. At this date, he himself fixes his conversion.

From Luneburg, Francke went again to Hamburg, where he remained some time. Here, besides continuing his theological studies, he first began to teach young children, and it was here undoubtedly where his inclination to devote all his love and attention to the young, struck its first roots. Before returning to Leipzig, he went for a few months to Dresden. Here he formed a friendship with Spener, which lasted through their lives. On arriving at Leipzig he recommenced his lectures ; more solemnly and plainly did he now urge on his hearers the necessity for the expression of a more living Christianity, which must show itself in the renewal of the heart, and in a pure life. The number of his listeners and disciples daily increased, but thereby envy and jealousy were excited. Francke's opponents, with Professor Carpzow at their head, calumniated and ridiculed the honest man, called him and his disciples, by the nickname of Pietists ; and so far did

they carry their opposition, that at last they succeeded in causing Francke's Biblical lectures to be prohibited.

Meanwhile Francke was invited to preach in the church of St Augustine at Erfurt. He went, and was received with such approval, that he was chosen as *diaconus* or deacon (much the same office as that of curate with us), but among the town council and the clergy many votes were given against him. The style of preaching in those days was very different from what it is now. The words employed in the pulpit were chosen with great care, expressed in the most learned language, and in the most elegant style ; frequently it was quite unintelligible to the listeners, and could not in the least tend to their edification. Long passages from the fathers, or from classical heathen writers, often read in Greek or Latin, wearisome refutations of old heresies and errors—of which their hearers had probably never heard, and understood nothing about—such was for the most part the spiritual food which the preachers of that age, offered to their hearers. As Francke tried to substitute for these, plain simple discourses, easy to be understood, directed to improvement of life and edification of heart, it was no wonder that his jealous opponents were more embittered than ever against him. They accused him of wishing to form a new sect, and so far managed to gain over to their cause the ruler of the country, the Elector of Mainz, that they succeeded in getting Francke dismissed from his post and banished from the town.

Many of the citizens took his side and petitioned

in his favour; in this they were joined by all the youths, who begged that their beloved teacher might be restored to them. But all in vain; Francke must leave the town. On 7th October 1691 he left Erfurt, and repaired to his mother and sister at Gotha. It is said that on the road thither the rejected pastor composed the beautiful hymn, commencing, "Thank God that towards eternity another step is won," and of which the two last stanzas are as follows:

"Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,  
Let naught thy terror move,  
Nor aught that earthly pleasure saith  
E'er tempt thy steps to rove;  
If slow thy course seems o'er the waste,  
Mount upwards with the eagle's haste  
On wings of tireless love.

"O Jesus, all my soul hath flown  
Already up to Thee,  
For Thou, in whom is love alone,  
Hast wholly conquered me.  
Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,  
Eternity is round me here,  
Since, Lord, I live in Thee."

And He in whose service he suffered reproach and persecution, came to his aid in this trial too. On the same day in which the magistrates of Erfurt banished him from their town, he received an invitation from Spener, who meanwhile had been appointed provost and head of the consistory court at Berlin, to come to *that city* if he were not allowed to remain at Erfurt.

He promised that in Berlin he should be well cared for. Other offers came to him at the same time, but he answered the summons of his old friend; and after he had remained some time in Berlin, was in his twenty-ninth year appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Halle, and at the same time pastor at Glaucha, a suburb of that town. On 7th February 1692, he preached his first sermon there. For five-and-thirty years the worthy Francke worked hard in this place, which Providence had appointed as the scene of his earnest labours, and richly was his ministry blessed to thousands of souls.

When he was chosen pastor at Glaucha, he found the parish in a most neglected state; he met everywhere with unbelief, idleness, rudeness, misery, and a total want of morality and honesty. Where the orphan house, which Francke reared by his efforts, now stands, low public-houses and dancing saloons, which were much frequented, then stood. The streets were crowded with beggars, who arranged on fixed days to visit all the well-to-do inhabitants, to ask for alms; to Francke and his neighbours they came every Thursday. One day he admitted them all, children and grown-up people, into his house; he ranged the parents on one side, the children on the other, and talked with the latter for about a quarter of an hour on the doctrines of the catechism, to which the former had to listen. He then concluded with a prayer, and distributed between them the bread which he was in the habit of giving them. This he did for

some time once a week. But when the extreme ignorance of the children in the first principles of the Christian faith, and their indifference to the Divine Word, appeared to him to be the chief reason of their degraded condition, he determined to become a guide to them, on the road to a better understanding of the truth, and thereby to rescue their souls from perishing. What he then vowed to do he faithfully accomplished. As these neglected children, on account of their poverty, could obtain no instruction, he paid the school money for them, till he remarked that, though they came regularly to receive it, they nevertheless did not attend the school. For those numerous poor persons who were ashamed to beg, but whose need increased with the distress of the times, he sent round a box to collect the gifts of the charitable. But he obtained very little in this way, and the scanty alms at last ceased altogether. How could he help them now? The excellent man thought that, by denying himself the most necessary things, he would be able to provide means, for the support of the suffering. For a long time he gave up his own supper ; and then, because the whole day was taken up by the duties of his office, worked hard at night at literary matters, giving the profits to starving families. Thus, by his hard night labour, he gained 150 thalers in a year.

After he had been at Glaucha about three years, the thought struck him of hanging up a poor-box in his sitting-room, and this turned out to be the way in which the darling wish of his heart was fulfilled, and

far beyond his expectations. Underneath the box were the following texts: "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John iii. 17;) "Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

During the first few months only very small donations were put in, but once seven florins, the gift of a benevolent Christian lady, were found in the box. "This is a splendid capital," said Francke, "something real must be founded with it. I will begin a school for the poor." The very same day he purchased school books for two thalers, and engaged a poor student at six groschen a-week to teach the children for two hours a-day. But he soon discovered to his dismay, that out of the twenty-seven books he had given out, only four were brought back; the rest the children had sold, while they themselves gradually fell away in numbers. However, the undaunted Francke bought new books, which, after the instruction, he ordered to be left in the school. Thus was the foundation laid of a school for the poor, and his first enduring work, really established. It was not long before this institution increased, and was attended also by the children of the town's-people who could afford to pay a small sum for the instruction they received. The room in the parsonage was no longer large enough, and two rooms in a neighbouring house had

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to be hired, and two schools established, one for the poor, the other for the children of the town's-people. The fame of Francke's benevolent and disinterested labours soon spread abroad, so that now and then large sums were sent to him; thus in a short time he had received 100 thalers, then 500 thalers at once, for the benefit of poor students. His courage was thereby strengthened and his resolution confirmed, with joyful trust in God, to continue the work, he had begun. His experience that, with the poorest children, home often counteracted all the good which school had done for them, called forth in this indefatigable children's friend, the plan of establishing an orphan-house, in which the children should receive constant care as well as instruction. A friend of Francke's gave him 500 thalers for this object, the interest of which was to provide for *one* orphan. When they looked around them to choose one, they found four, and soon after five others, none of whom Francke could decide to reject, so they were all distributed in three Christian families. A student of theology, named Neubauer, undertook the oversight of them, and God blessed the work of mercy. Donations flowed in so abundantly from all sides, that within a year, Neubauer was enabled to enter with his orphans, a house which had been specially bought for the purpose. Next year a second house was bought, and when the number of orphans amounted to fifty-two, and the free table for poor students provided for forty-two, Francke formed the bold determination of *building an orphanage.*

In the summer of 1698, the foundation-stone was laid. Many indeed shook their heads at Francke's ambitious plan, and many a scoffer laughed at the folly of undertaking without means, at such critical times, so costly a building; one passer-by indeed expressed himself thus, "When the walls are raised, the founder will hang himself from them." But Francke was not in the least disturbed by these remarks. He regarded the building from the very commencement, not as his own, but as God's undertaking. With faith and trust in the living God it was begun, though Francke, as he confessed, had not sufficient funds to build even a small cottage, to say nothing of a structure, which was to hold 200 human beings. But week by week, and month by month, while the building was going on, the Lord provided the means required, so that the orphan children never suffered hunger, and the workmen were regularly paid. "He who trusts in God and does His duty," said Francke, "will never be brought to shame." And the Lord, who is able to do more than either we can ask or think, helped him faithfully, and confirmed the truth of His word, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall remove mountains." Often when the contractor came to seek for money for building materials and wages, or the house-steward asked in the evening, for means to supply the wants of the next day, for which Francke had to provide, the good man had not a farthing to satisfy all these demands made upon him, but he never desponded;



in firm confidence on God, he would go to his chamber and pray, and the Lord always helped him when his need was the greatest. Very touching are the instances of pious trust and unexpected deliverance which he himself relates in his "public testimony of the blessed footprints of the still living and ruling, loving and faithful God." "Those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles." So felt Francke, for he had experienced their truth, and he had these words placed over the orphanage, where they may still be read, while within the following inscription greets the visitor, "Stranger, what thou beholdest, faith and love have accomplished. Honour the spirit of the founder, believing and loving like him."

A faithful, indefatigable, active fellow-worker did he find in the student Elers, who had one of Francke's very stirring sermons, "On duty towards the poor," printed and publicly sold at a little table, hired for the purpose, at the Leipzig fair. So favourable was the result, that he not only printed several more sermons, but other works too, and thus founded the printing and publishing department of the Halle Orphan House, which is now so flourishing, and brings in a yearly income of from 2000 to 5000 thalers. So disinterested and simple in his tastes was this good man, that he contented himself with a small lodging, took his meals at the orphanage, and left Francke to provide his clothes for him. When Frederick William I. *came to Halle* in 1720, and during a visit to the orphan-

age was shown the bookselling and printing department, he inquired of Elers, "What do you get then from all this?" To the reply, "Your majesty, only what I now stand up in!" the king turned in amazement to Francke with the words, "Now, indeed, I understand how you manage to do so much; I have not got such people!" And, in fact, Elers left behind him at his death in 1728, nothing but his clothes and his pocket Bible. Besides the printing and book-selling business, Francke also established an apothecary's shop in connection with his orphanage, which became a profitable source of income, to his various institutions.

Glauchau at that time did not possess an apothecary's shop, and after the gates of the town were shut at night, it was difficult in cases of urgency to reach those of Halle. That which Francke established was under the supervision of the physician of the orphanage, and not only did the inhabitants of the neighbouring parts of the town buy their drugs here, but customers came from a distance too, for people had the greatest confidence in all that was connected with the orphan-house. Medicines were always given gratis to the poor; in fifty years it was reckoned that 150,000 thalers' worth of drugs had been freely distributed to those, who could not afford to pay. It is well known what a fruitful source of revenue is to be found in medicines, which have earned a popular repute. Certain tinctures and essences were prepared by Francke's apothecary, which were supposed to work

wonders. Not only were they widely sold all over Germany, bringing in large sums to the orphanage, but were also despatched to Holland and Russia, as well as to the East Indies, in considerable quantities. During the space of eighty years, these medicines brought in annually from 8000 to 30,000 thalers clear profit, and if at the present day such large sums are not obtained by their sale, they still render important aid to the institutions.

On 29th April 1700, Francke opened with a solemn religious service the first portion of his institution, which had been raised in such a wonderful manner. It now rapidly grew to still greater prosperity, being constantly enlarged and extended by the purchase of fields, gardens, houses, and vineyards. Already in 1705, 745 children were here taught, boarded, and lodged, among them 125 orphans. In the year of the founder's death, there were 2,100, not including the pupils who paid for their instruction. The number of masters amounted to 150. To Francke's institutions was afterwards added the Cannstein Bible Society—not less useful and beneficial than the others. As Luther's translation of the Bible was so dear, that it could only be purchased by those who were well off, Baron von Cannstein, out of love to God's Word and to his fellow-men, determined to bear the expense of issuing a cheaper edition of the Holy Scriptures. Francke assisted him by advice and active help, so that in 1712, the first attempt was made with the New Testament. The result was favourable beyond all ex-

pectation, for the 5000 copies printed were sold off in the shortest time—this encouraged the projectors of the scheme to new efforts, so that up to the year 1862, 5,119,670 copies of the whole Bible, or of separate books, had been printed and sold. In the year 1863, the institutions founded by Francke consisted of

1. The Orphan Asylum, which receives 130 children. (The number of children hitherto educated here, many of them rescued from ruin, amounts to over 7000.)

2. The Pädagogium, or school, with 8 classes and 170 scholars.

3. The Latin high school and the boarding school, with 642 scholars.

4. The "Real" school (preparatory to the university), with 487 scholars.

5. The high school for girls, with 331 scholars.

6. The German schools (burgher schools and free schools for boys and girls), with 1915 scholars; making altogether 3500 pupils.

In 1721, Francke completed his last building, the hospital, and this is the only one of all his structures which has preserved its original appearance to the present day.

One would naturally imagine that so active and benevolent a career, attended with such grand results, and so visibly blessed by Heaven, must secure the favour and approbation of all. But such was not the case. The generous Francke had to contend with the attacks of envy and hatred, which is the usual

fate of every man who rises above the ordinary level of humanity, who aims higher, and whose perseverance brings great undertakings to perfection. Even from his own colleagues, he at first experienced much ill-will; but in the end all gladly acknowledged that he had been in the right. Since 1715 he had been appointed pastor of the parish of St Ulrich in Halle, and dwelt in his parsonage, close to the church. The income he received for this post was so small that it scarcely sufficed for the barest necessities; still though in straitened circumstances, he lived contented and happy. In 1694 he had married Anna Magdalena von Wurm. The union was a very happy one, and was blessed by the birth of a son and daughter. The former, Gotthilf Augustus, born 1696, was afterwards archdeacon of St Mary's Church in Halle, director of his father's institutions, professor of theology, and church inspector. His daughter married John Anastasius Freglinghausen, who succeeded his father-in-law in his pastorate, and in the direction of the orphanage.

Francke was all his life of a kind and amiable disposition. His manner, however, was somewhat serious and reserved. "All that he said," observes one of his friends, "seemed to come as from God; and whatever people he was with, he always revered God, as the highest Person in the company, and allowed nothing to turn him away from His countenance." To restore his health, which was impaired by *over exertions* and extraordinary activity, he made, at

the entreaties of his physician, two long journeys, the first in 1705 to Holland, the second, 1717, to Swabia. He was also twice at the Court of Frederick William I., in whose favour he stood very high till his death.

In 1725 his strength began to fail; next year a paralytic stroke rendered his left hand helpless, but in the spring he so far recovered that he was once more able to preach to his people. He ended with the words, "Now depart hence, and may the Lord bless you for ever, and throughout eternity." This, without his suspecting it, was his farewell to his flock. On 24th May 1727, he was driven for the last time into the orphanage garden; here in a fervent prayer he implored the Divine blessing on his institutions, which had become so dear to him, and thanked the Lord for the great mercy and grace bestowed upon him. Now his sufferings increased considerably; his condition was soon hopeless, and on the evening of June 8th, peaceful and resigned to the will of God, he gently fell asleep. He was buried in the cemetery of the town, where his wife, who followed him to the grave in 1734, erected a monument to his memory, with a long inscription in poetry.

A hundred years after his death, the idea of erecting to the man who had deserved so well of his native place, a worthy monument within his institutions, was formed by Mellin, burgermaster of Halle. A statue, modelled by the famous sculptor Rauch, was placed in the largest courtyard of the orphanage, and unveiled with much ceremony on 5th November 1829,

the anniversary of the day in which Francke had received the first four orphans. On the pedestal, which is of grey Silesian marble, the following inscription is engraved in front :

“ Augustus Hermann Francke,  
He trusted God.”

At the back we read the simple words :

“ To the Founder of these Institutions, the grateful posterity.”

Francke is represented in a preacher's gown ; on either side of him are two children of different ages. His left hand rests in blessing, on the head of a little orphan girl, in a praying attitude, whom with his uplifted right hand, he is pointing upwards to the Father in heaven. The boy with a book under his arm has a more self-confident look, but with childlike reverence he gazes too at Francke. The object of Francke's institutions, education and instruction, is here admirably typified. Those whom he so unspeakably loved, and to whom he was both father and teacher, surround the generous man. Their look of gratitude is the never-to-be-forgotten philanthropist's reward. He who sows love, will reap love.

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Francke always attributed his wonderful success to special answers to prayer. Two similar instances may here be cited of cases which have occurred in our own day—one in England, the other in France ; one a Pro-

testant minister, the other a Roman Catholic priest; one still living among us, the other taken to his rest; both firm believers in the efficacy of prayer.

George Müller was born in 1805, near Halberstadt, in Germany. After studying theology he went to England, with the intention of devoting himself to missions. In 1830 he became a preacher to a congregation of Dissenters, connected with no particular sect, at Teignmouth, where he married a wife who, like himself, possessed no fortune. In 1832 he removed to Bristol, where he worked as an evangelist among the poor, and where he became deeply affected by the sad condition of the numerous orphans, whose parents had been carried off by the cholera.

Towards the end of 1834, the thought came upon him, that he would assemble these unfortunate children around him and ask God confidently every day for the means to support them. Then he set to work, leased a house in Wilson Street, and there established thirty little girls, of from seven to twelve years of age; that was in May 1836.

Soon after he founded an asylum for little children of both sexes up to the age of seven; for this he had to hire a second house in the same street, which was filled by thirty children, then in October 1837, having taken a third house in Wilson Street, he placed in it thirty boys above the age of seven. By the end of this year, he had to provide for the maintenance of ninety persons, and the furniture alone had cost him large sums; his faith had been often and rudely tried,



but the Divine blessing visibly rested upon his labours. He had never published an appeal or circulated a subscription list, he had never asked help except from God, and never incurred a debt, paying ready money for everything.

In 1843 a fourth house was leased in the same street, and received thirty children. The number of orphans was now 120 ; with the masters and servants there were from 140 to 150 persons to be maintained daily. Three physicians gratuitously attended to the sick. The receipts and expenditure of the orphans amounted to more than £12,500 ; the schools and distribution of Bibles cost about £4800. There were besides, from the commencement of the work, several hundred day-scholars, an evening adult class, and a Sunday school. During the years 1846-47 everything was terribly dear, provisions had risen to nearly double their usual price, and everybody in Bristol was asking how George Müller would manage to maintain his orphans ; but his receipts increased in proportion to his need, and the work continued as before. Müller said himself, " My children never wanted anything, but my faith was often put to the proof, and I passed through moments of great agony." Such a large number of children taking the air and exercise in the street, must naturally annoy the inhabitants ; Müller felt this, although no one had ever complained about it. He decided, therefore, if God granted him the means, to build an orphanage, which *would contain* 300 children. The expenses were

estimated at from £12,000 to £15,000, and the building was not to be undertaken until he had £10,000 in hand. A pious architect from London wrote to Müller offering to draw out the plans and superintend the works free of charge, which offer was gratefully accepted. An excellent site was obtained for £8000. Eighteen months after, the sum of £10,000 was collected, and in 1849 the new building was finished and completely furnished; it had cost £14,400.

Appeals for the reception of unhappy orphans constantly increased, and Müller decided to build a second house for 400 children; with God's help this additional establishment was promptly erected, and opened in 1857.

In 1861 a third orphanage for 450 children was erected, and in the following years a fourth and a fifth, so that at the present time 2500 children are cared for, fed, clothed, and taught in five separate houses.

Hitherto all has gone well, without any troubles either among the children or among the teachers, nurses, and servants. The general health, too, has been good from the beginning. Those who know the difficulties inherent in the management of this kind of establishment, and in the choice of persons to be employed in them, will understand what a remarkable success this also is.

The gifts which George Müller has received since March 5, 1834, the day when the work was founded, till the present time, amount to £540,000, and have

been employed as follows : 27,400 children have been completely and gratuitously maintained for several years ; thousands of others have benefited from the school by paying a small sum ; 5 spacious houses have been built and furnished to receive 2500 children ; 160 missionaries and evangelists have been maintained, and have distributed 75,000 Bibles and Testaments, 145,000 portions of the Scriptures, and 42,000,000 of tracts.

These figures speak eloquently, when we reflect that George Müller remained faithful to his resolve, to ask nothing except from God alone, and never to incur any debts. Neither must we imagine that these sums were only supplied by great capitalists. Thousands of small gifts were sent in by shopkeepers, artisans, simple working men, servants, even by converted negroes, who had been told about this work of faith. Müller is particularly grateful for all these testimonies of love which flow in to him from all parts of the world. As to himself, he probably does not possess £100 of personal property. He says that he does not consider the maintenance of the orphans as the most important point in his work, but the visible, striking, undeniable action of faith, as a testimony against that unbelief which is now everywhere raising its head with greater hardihood than ever. It is the proof that God hears prayer now as He has done for thousands of years, that He is ever the living God, and that His word is the truth. “In time of famine,” *he says*, “during the Crimean war, during the crisis in

commerce and industry, when great strikes of workmen took place, when so many donors found it impossible to continue their contributions, and when death cut down others, I continued my work as tranquilly and peacefully as if all these matters did not exist, for I knew that my God remained the same ; and knowing that, I had no fear."

There are, in fact, in the history and development of this work so many extraordinary answers to prayer, that no one can help being amazed. As Müller is still living, and still continuing his noble and benevolent labours, all may convince themselves of the truth of these circumstances, and learn more on the subject of this remarkable man, from his numerous writings.

One of the most saintly men who have lived in, and been a blessing to, the present century, was Jean-Marie Vianney, better known under the name of the Curé d'Ars. Ars is a small village in the diocese of Belley, in the south-east of France. Here this good and indefatigable priest laboured in a truly apostolic manner. He felt the great need of establishing an orphanage for girls ; and as a new house had just been built in the neighbourhood of his parsonage, after much prayer he bought it for the sum of 20,000 francs, which he obtained by selling all the property he possessed. He placed two virtuous young women in it, as superintendents. Without binding them by any vow, he exhorted them to obedience, humility, and simplicity. "One of you," he said, "must be the head, the other the heart." Nothing

could be more simple or touching than this beginning. The hand of God was clearly manifested in it. "When we entered the house," says Catherine Lassaque, one of these pious girls, "we found no provisions in it, except a pot of butter and some dry cheese, which a kind lady had sent. We brought our own beds, our linen, and some other indispensable articles. No bread was to be seen. We said, 'Let us wait. Perhaps God will send us some.' Soon after my mother sent me my dinner, which I shared with my companion."

A few days after, a third person joined the establishment, who baked, and attended to the washing, and to the garden. She was the arm which joined the heart and the head. The Curé next opened a free school for all the girls of the parish, and subsequently admitted the girls of the neighbouring parishes as well. At first he had only two or three orphans in his establishment; soon the number increased. It was now necessary to build. The Curé became architect, mason, and carpenter. He made the mortar himself, hewed the stone, and carried it to the building place. He only interrupted his rude labours to attend to his clerical duties.

In a very short time the large building was completed, and more than sixty girls were lodged, fed, and educated in it, and preserved from the many dangers to which they had previously been exposed. Thus began the Orphanage, or, as the Curé called it, the "*Providence*" of Ars. For a quarter of a century this

work was maintained without any visible support—without budget, revenue, or capital, and with annual expenses of from 6000 to 7000 francs. Whenever M. Vianney had a little money, he would buy corn, wood, and wine, and the rest came of itself by degrees. Still there were hours and days of want and anxiety—critical moments when it might be said that the Divine Provider had withdrawn His help. And yet, just when all seemed lost, all was saved! Twice the intervention of God was so sudden and direct, and accompanied by such marvellous and inexplicable circumstances, that it seemed really like a miracle.

One day they had no flour left, and the stock of bread was exhausted, while eighty mouths were awaiting their usual food. What was to be done? They went to the Curé and asked his advice. "Have you no flour left?" he said. "Only a very little; not more than for two loaves." "Well," said he, "make that into bread." They went to do so, and found that they had enough to make as much bread as usual. How the flour was increased we know not. They attributed it to a miracle. On another occasion the Curé had purchased a considerable quantity of corn from one of his parishioners, who demanded immediate payment, which he promised him. But when the day for payment came he had no money. He took up his stick, walked across the fields, and prayed fervently on the way. His prayer was marvellously heard. As he was approaching Juis, on the confines of a forest, a woman suddenly came up to

him and inquired, "Sir, are you the Curé d'Ars?" He replied, "Yes, my good woman!" "Here, then, is some money which I have been commissioned to give you." "What am I to do with it?" asked he. "Whatever you like," was the reply; "but you are to remember the donor in your prayers." After emptying her purse into his hands, the woman went away, without saying who she was, or who had sent her.

To the "Providence" of Ars money always came by some secret and unexpected means, at the moment when it was urgently wanted. M. Vianney often found in his little treasury important sums which he was sure he had not put there himself. He would say sometimes, with a grateful smile, "We are the spoiled children of the good God; when I think of the care that He has taken of me, when I recapitulate His goodness and His mercies, the joy and gratitude of my heart overflow on all sides."

In his boundless kind-heartedness, he gave to others as he received himself. Often did the poor come to him to lament their sorrows. He helped them when he could. Once a poor woman appeared before him with her five children, whom she had to support, and begged alms of him. "Go to my granary," he said, "and take from it as much corn as you are able to carry away with you."







A SWISS FAMILY CIRCLE.--HEROES OF CHARITY, p. 149.



# HEINRICH PESTALOZZI.

## THE BENEVOLENT SCHOOLMASTER.



HE man, the story of whose life we are now about to relate, may with truth be called the children's friend, the poor man's protector, the father of the abandoned and of the suffering.

Heinrich Pestalozzi first saw the light of day at Zurich, on 12th January 1746. His father was an oculist in that town, whose ancestors, some centuries before, had emigrated thither from the Italian Switzerland; they had attained to considerable influence and dignity in Zurich, and were distinguished by that thorough integrity, which was the special characteristic of the Swiss in those days.

Heinrich was the second child of his parents. He had a brother older, and a sister younger, than himself. From the cradle he was weak and delicate, but his feelings were easily excited, his affections were warm, his tastes and inclinations were strongly marked, and rapidly developed themselves. When he was only

four years old he had the misfortune to lose his father. He never forgot the beautiful hymn which he heard sung at his father's grave. So deep an impression did it make upon him, that he henceforth regarded music as something sacred. A thorough sense of honour and strict conscientiousness, Heinrich Pestalozzi inherited from his father, his deeply loving spirit from his mother. Of both parents he always spoke with reverence and admiration. His mother's great failing seems to have been an ignorance of economy and of household management, which, as we shall see, her son unfortunately inherited.

When Pestalozzi's father felt that he must soon die and leave his family in want and without a protector, he sent for a faithful maid-servant, who had been for several years in the family, and said to her : " Babeli, for God's sake, and for pity's sake, do not forsake my wife ; when I am dead she will be ruined, and my children will fall into strange hard hands, unless through your assistance she succeeds in keeping them together." Babeli promised the dying man, " I won't forsake your wife if you die. I will remain with her till death, if she has need of me."

These high-spirited words comforted the dying father, and he closed his eyes in peace.

Babeli kept her word ; she remained with Pestalozzi's mother till her death. She helped to educate the three poor orphans through all the want and distress the family had to endure, and she did so with a *prudence, perseverance, and circumspection, which*

was all the more praiseworthy from the fact that this poor girl had, without any previous instruction, come from a humble village cottage to the town. "Her great fidelity," said Pestalozzi, "was the fruit of her lofty, simple, and pious faith."

She required the strictest economy. When the children wanted to run about in the street, Babeli would keep them back with the words: "Why will you uselessly spoil your clothes and wear out your shoes? Look how your mother is denying herself for you, never spending a farthing, but sparing all for your education." This kind of bringing up had an injurious effect on Pestalozzi; he was kept too much at home, too much tied to his mother's apron-strings. "Year after year, I scarcely ever left the chimney corner," he says, "and all the means and attractions for the development of manly vigour, of manly experiences, and manly exercises, entirely failed me."

Notwithstanding all this pinching and thrift, Pestalozzi's mother was very liberal in giving away Christmas and New Year's presents. The children were always provided with very neat Sunday clothes, which, however, they usually had to take off when they came home, that they might last all the longer.

Strange and foreign as the world and real human life remained to the boy, yet that deep inward love, that uncommon devotion to his mother, that earnest taste for quiet family life, which formed so prominent a feature in Pestalozzi's character, developed themselves all the more strongly in his nature. That conquest over

self, which stood out so grandly in all his subsequent actions, and guided all his endeavours, was kindled in him by the self-denying fidelity of Babeli, the poor maid-servant.

Naturally enough, when such a boy as this went to school, he was the butt and laughing-stock of all his comrades. He was the most awkward and helpless in all games, and yet he was ambitious, and always over-estimating his powers and talents. In his studies he was wonderfully quick in some things ; he one day translated from the Greek some of Demosthenes' orations with so much fire and taste that, at the examination, they met with general approval, and were afterwards printed in a newspaper. In this instance his feelings were touched, but he often neglected to master those fundamental principles, by which alone a science can really be put in practice ; he found, for example, the rules of writing and spelling so difficult, that he never thoroughly learned them during his whole life.

Most of his school-fellows loved him for his good nature and obliging disposition. On 19th December 1755, Switzerland was visited by a severe earthquake. The scholars of the Latin school in Zurich, among whom was Heinrich Pestalozzi, fled in terror from their classes down the steps into the courtyard. When they began to recover from their fright, they consulted on the least dangerous way of recovering possession of their books and caps. To enter the *schoolhouse*, whose walls were cracked and tottering,

appeared to them extremely dangerous. Only one of the scholars ventured to do so, and he was Heinrich Pestalozzi. The others knew that he never could refuse a request, so he was entreated on all sides to fetch their property, which he accomplished safely, and to the satisfaction of all.

About a mile from Zurich, on the beautiful vine-clad slopes which border the lake, lies the village of Höngg, of which Pestalozzi's maternal grandfather Hotze was the excellent pastor.

With him, after his ninth year, Heinrich annually spent several months, which he always looked back upon, as the happiest times of his youth, and which left many indelible impressions on his mind. Never could he forget his venerable grandfather, so faithful to his Master, so devoted to his church and his school. Daily would he visit with him the village school and the cottages of his parishioners. Pestalozzi often remarked that to bring up a child in the fear of God, it was specially necessary that he should see and hear a really pious Christian, and doubtless the beloved image of his grandfather, was then before his mind.

In Höngg he received impressions which had a decisive effect on his future. He learned to know the peasantry, their virtues and vices. He heard bitter complaints at the injustice, treachery, and harshness which they had to endure from the authorities in the town. But at the same time he could not conceal from himself the immorality and degraded condition of the poor peasants themselves.

Pestalozzi was especially an eye-witness of the sad influence which factory life had on the poorer youth of that district. When he saw the children, up to their sixth year, playing about in the churchyard, and before the schoolhouse, happy and blooming, though clothed in rags, while innocence and mirth beamed from their eyes, and their full rosy cheeks seemed to foretell a life of untroubled happiness, and then, when a couple of years later, he saw how, by this factory life, all cheerfulness, all strength seemed to have vanished, how the brightness of their eyes and the ruddiness of their cheeks had alike departed, and their whole being had received the unmistakable impression of sorrow and grief, he was filled with deep melancholy and distress. His heart, tender and benevolent from childhood, sympathised so acutely with the troubles of others, that he suffered as keenly when he witnessed them, as if he were enduring them himself.

It was during these visits to Höngg that the future school reformer received those impressions which had so powerful an influence over his subsequent life. Here, for the first time, he saw the defects of the usual system of education. The instruction was generally given in the schoolmaster's only living room, while his family were carrying on their household avocations. In places where there were schoolrooms, they were never large enough to provide sufficient space for all the children to sit down. The rooms were low and dark, and when the door was opened,

the oppressive fumes of a hot and vitiated atmosphere met the visitor; closely crammed together sat the children, to the ruin of their health, breathing in the foul and heated vapours. The stoves, too, were generally overheated, and the closed windows were darkened by the steam from the breath of so many human beings; so crowded together were they, that if one wished to leave or return to his place, he must climb over chairs, benches, and tables to do so. The noise was deafening; the schoolmaster had little authority over his pupils; there was no fixed age at which children were either sent or withdrawn; parents would frequently send them at four or five, and take them away as soon as they could earn any money, generally in their eighth or ninth year. The instruction given was bad and irregular. A child who could say the whole catechism through, was considered clever, but one who could repeat the 119th Psalm and a few chapters of the Bible by heart, was looked upon as a real marvel. The more that could be said by rote, the greater pleased were the parents.

During the first half of the last century, the severest despotism reigned throughout continental Europe. All sovereigns—however insignificant they might be—took Louis XIV. of France as their model, the man who had expressed his ideal of government, by the words, *L'état c'est moi*. The same state of things existed in Switzerland. Single families had obtained the supremacy in the various cantons, and the formerly so free Swiss citizens were now almost as greatly



enslaved and oppressed as the subjects of the monarchies. Discontent was everywhere on the increase, eager fiery spirits were ready to proclaim a new crusade against their tyrants, to demand that the people should be raised from their present state of moral degradation, that the power of kings should be limited, the rights of the nobility abrogated, or at least curtailed, and that the burdens of the State should be more equally divided. In Zurich there were many who boldly sympathised with these opinions, and especially among the professors of the high school, most of them learned enlightened men, who longed for reform both political and social. They discoursed of independence, self-help, self-denial, patriotism, thus inflaming the more ardent spirits among the youth of Zurich, who longed to shake off the yoke of despotism, and restore real liberty to their country. Pestalozzi's disposition was so opposed to all oppression, so thoroughly loving and full of sympathy, that he naturally enough was one of the most enthusiastic of this band. He exercised all kinds of voluntary self-denial ; he slept on a hard bed, only covered with his clothes. He would only eat what was necessary to support life ; he even made the attempt to live on nothing but herbs, but here nature asserted her rights, and he was obliged to yield.

Hitherto Pestalozzi, in consequence of the deep impression which the life of his venerable grandfather had made upon him, had decided to choose the *profession of a pastor*. Now, in his eighteenth year, on

hearing so repeatedly from his companions how incumbent it was, in these days, for all to take up the cause of their country and their native town, and to do all that was possible to promote justice and the people's rights, he determined to study law. He was the more inclined to make this change from the fact that, in a sermon which he had tried to preach in a village church, he had several times broken down, and had not even succeeded in repeating the Lord's Prayer, without a mistake.

At that period the lads, Lavater, Füssli, Fischer, and Pestalozzi, formed a bond of friendship; they vowed to publish abroad every act of injustice which they saw, or which came to their knowledge. They brought an action against the unrighteous governor, Grebel, and succeeded in getting him condemned, and also publicly accused the guildmaster, Brunner, as well as several unprincipled clergymen.

Many of their actions were hasty and ill judged. Of these Pestalozzi had reason bitterly to repent. But through all the sad experiences of these times the one thought was ever uppermost in his soul—"You poor oppressed people, I will one day help you to your rights." This thought constantly grew stronger and stronger within him; to promote the people's rights, the people's strength, the people's virtues, was henceforth the central point of all his plans and all his energy.

Rousseau's writings were then making a great stir in the world. The fact that they had been com-

demned and publicly burned at Geneva, only rendered them more acceptable to that ardent band of Zurich youths, of whom Pestalozzi was so prominent a member. They now published a pamphlet attacking the Government. It was condemned as seditious, and burned before the town hall by the public executioner. Henceforth Pestalozzi was debarred from ever receiving any office in the service of the State.

This was a great blow to him. He had given up his theological studies and devoted himself to jurisprudence and political economy. He had hoped, as a firm defender of liberty and right, to be able materially to benefit his fellow-citizens. Just then one of his most faithful and sensible friends, Bluntschli, died ; on his death-bed he said to Pestalozzi, "Pestalozzi, I am dying : and you, now left to yourself, must not adopt any course of life in which your good-natured and trusting disposition may be dangerous to you. Seek a calm quiet career, and never allow yourself, on any account, unless you have a thoughtful experienced man at your side, to enter on any extensive enterprise, whose failure might destroy the tranquillity and happiness of your life."

This was a prophecy often fulfilled during Pestalozzi's whole life. The death of his honest friend deeply affected him ; he vowed at the time to follow his advice ; had he kept to that determination, he might, as we shall see, have avoided many of the dangers and troubles which subsequently beset him.

*Grief at the loss of his friend, added to too great*

excitement, over-exertion of his strength, and too great study, now brought on a dangerous illness. The doctors told him that, if he wished to escape an early death, he must give up his literary pursuits, and go into the country to regain his strength. As he was already convinced that he would never be able, as a jurist, to advance the welfare of his fellow-countrymen, which he had so much at heart, the thought seized him, "I will help the poor peasantry by teaching and educating them; I will become a schoolmaster." And he immediately burned all his law folios and manuscripts!

He now hastened into the country and was kindly welcomed by one of his uncles, Dr Hotze, who lived in a charming house on the shores of the lake. Here he speedily recovered his health.

Pestalozzi now determined to devote himself to agricultural pursuits, and with this object consulted one Tschiffeli of Kirchberg, near Berne, who was well skilled in farming. On a small scale Pestalozzi might have been successful, but he had formed a number of extensive plans, which could only be carried out with considerable difficulty and expense. He was too ambitious; he entered into partnership with a wealthy commercial house in Zurich, and purchased one hundred acres of land on a dry heath, which had only been used before as pasture for sheep, near the village of Birr, for the cheap price of ten florins an acre. Here an architect built him a house in the Italian style, and Pestalozzi named this new estate Neuhof.

It was in the year 1767 that he established himself at Neuhof. Two years after he married the beautiful and noble-minded Anna Schulthess, the daughter of a wealthy Zurich merchant. The consent of her parents had been hard to obtain; they appear to have had some insight into Pestalozzi's improvident character. "You will have to content yourself with bread and water," were her mother's farewell words to the young bride. At first fortune smiled on the young couple, and for a few months all went well. From the diaries which both kept, we can perceive how simple-minded, how truly pious they were, always desiring to do good to all around them, and trusting to Providence to guide them in the right way. It was not till shortly after the birth of their first-born, that troubles came upon the young pair. The cause of these, and all other subsequent disasters in Pestalozzi's life, is to be found in that failing in his character, by which he always paid too little attention to worldly matters—the failing which his friend Bluntschli had perceived, and warned him against on his dying bed. His wife unfortunately was not one to help him in his difficulties; she had not the practical common sense and economical spirit of "Babeli." She knew even less than her husband did, about farming. Pestalozzi, too, had made a bad choice in the man to whom he had entrusted the oversight of his estate. Jealous and hostile persons sent unfavourable reports to Zurich about the new undertaking, and induced the banking-house which had advanced

the money, to send two commissioners to investigate the state of affairs ; they reported that the land purchased was incapable of cultivation ; upon this, the firm withdrew, at a small loss, from the affair, and left Pestalozzi to carry it out alone. This came upon him like a thunder-stroke. "The beautiful dream of my life," he lamented ; "the hope of having around me a circle, rich in blessing and effectual for good, was now completely at an end. My distressing circumstances continued to increase. My wife suffered deeply under them."

But Pestalozzi did not lose courage ; he determined not only to continue his undertaking, but to unite it with still higher aims. He looked forward to a time—the advent of which he longed to hasten—when society should not regard outcast and neglected children as an inevitable evil, but should see in every child, a child of God, whose moral and spiritual powers, both love and duty demanded, should be developed so far as possible.

He set to work himself to further this object. He received twenty orphans into his house to educate and instruct. They were children of the poorest classes. "I have," he wrote to the peasantry, "seen your degradation, and had pity on you. Dear people, I will help you. I have no art, I know no science, and am nothing in the world, nothing at all, but I know you, and give myself up to you."

To rescue these poor children from beggary, idleness, and the effects of bad example, they were to be occu-

pied during summer in agriculture, and during winter in learning some industrious trade. They were thus to be fitted for various profitable occupations, and love of work was to be aroused within them. By careful religious instruction, their hearts too, were to be influenced for good.

Most people ridiculed this visionary idea, but some benevolent friends, especially Isaac Iselin of Basel, supported Pestalozzi, and collected funds for him, so that in 1775 he was able to extend his institution, and afford in it an asylum to fifty poor children, many of whom he had himself picked up in the streets in the most abject misery.

Neuhof was soon as busy as a bee-hive. Whilst the pupils were employed at their bodily labours, their benefactor instructed them. He was indefatigable in everything. Earliest dawn found him hard at work, and when all others were sleeping in the house, he wrote down his experiences and desires in his diary, and would then often sit for a long time with clasped hands, imploring God for light and strength to carry on this holy work of educating youth.

His wife's health was so bad that she frequently was obliged to go and stay with her parents in Zurich. Then Pestalozzi was left much alone, and the economical arrangements of the large household for which he was so entirely unfitted, fell entirely upon him. A well-experienced organiser could have found this no easy task ; but, besides this, Pestalozzi had to superintend *the agricultural labours* in the fields, the various works

of industry indoors, and the teaching of the children too. Many of the pupils accustomed to idleness were wild and rebellious, refusing to work and to submit to the discipline of the house. "I lived with the poor children," he said afterwards, "as a beggar, in order to make them men." In times of want, which came soon enough, it often happened that Pestalozzi ate bad potatoes himself, that his pupils might have the good ones. He was cheated in numerous ways. On Sundays a crowd of mothers and relatives would besiege Neuhof with complaints and accusations against Pestalozzi as to the condition of their children. Some would send their little ones with the only object of getting them well washed and newly clad, and would then carry them secretly away from the institution, favoured by night or mist. Unfortunately, too, Pestalozzi committed several mistakes. He wanted to do too much at first himself, and to make his pupils do more than they were really able to accomplish. He was not content with coarse spinning; they must weave the finest muslins.

Thus it happened that every year he fell deeper and deeper into debt, and soon the whole of his wife's fortune was lost in his enterprise. With his money too, he lost the confidence of many of his friends.

After the lapse of five years, Pestalozzi was so deeply in debt that the institution at Neuhof had to be broken up, and he was himself a beggar. The fate of his noble-hearted wife caused him the acutest sorrow, *for she in her generosity had sacrificed nearly all her*



property. Most deplorable was his condition. Frequently, he possessed neither bread, wood, nor even a few coppers, to purchase any. Only the kind-heartedness of his principal creditor, and the generous support of a few friends, saved him from despair and utter ruin.

Thus he passed eighteen sad years in solitary Neu-hof. He was a poor man among the poor; he suffered what the people suffered. His friends avoided meeting him; in their opinion he was one whom it was impossible to help. Many thought he would end his days either in the hospital or the lunatic asylum. He often heard people say, "He wants to help others, and cannot help himself. Let him show himself capable in small matters, and we will then believe that he can do something great. Let him save himself out of his own misery, and then we may trust him to do something to relieve the misery of the poor peasantry."

Still he did not give up all hope; he never despaired. His wife's affection contributed to keep up his spirits. Füssli the bookseller in Zurich, and Iselin in Basel, still honoured and trusted him. In his deepest affliction, Pestalozzi set out on foot for Basel to seek comfort from the latter. When near the town an unhappy beggar besought him for alms. "He is more wretched than you are," thought Pestalozzi to himself, "give him what you have." But his pockets were empty; he was in fact a beggar himself. Then his *eye fell upon* the silver buckles of his shoes, the only

valuable articles he had saved from the ruins of his fortune. He gave them to the poor man, tied up his shoes with straw, and thus appeared before Iselin, the man who, above all others, understood him, and whom he afterwards called his father, his teacher, his support, his consoler. He went home comforted, and now devoted himself to literary labours. The first of his writings was "The Evening Hours of a Hermit." It was the beautiful fruit of the sad past, and at the same time the seed-corn for his future life. About this time, his faithful wife, who with such constant love had shared his poverty and distress, fell sick. After her recovery, better days dawned upon him. On the invitation of his sister in Leipzig, he undertook, in 1792, a journey to Germany, where he visited several training colleges for schoolmasters, and learned to know such men as Klopstock, Goethe, Wieland, Herder, and Jacobi.

His second book carried his name throughout Europe, and had the most beneficial effect in the widest circles. This was "Lienhard and Gertrude: a Book for the People." It was published under the following circumstances. His friend, the bookseller Füssli, was one day visiting his brother, a celebrated artist. While they were chatting together, the painter was glancing over a pamphlet which Pestalozzi had written—a humorous squib making fun of the ridiculous fancy of the Zurich citizens to dress their night watchmen like soldiers. The artist read the sketch with increasing interest, and when he was told

that Pestalozzi was the author, he said to his brother, "This man can help himself, if he will. He has the power, cheer him up ; authorship can rescue him from his present distressing condition." The bookseller shared his brother's opinions ; he sent for Pestalozzi, and requested him at once to write a book for the people. At first he smiled incredulously. For the last ten years he had scarcely had a book in his hand. But after a little reflection he felt encouraged ; he began his work, and from the rich treasury of his own experiences, writing down what his heart dictated, one picture after another from village life was vividly described, and in a few weeks the work was finished. So great was the author's poverty at this time, that the greater part of his story was written on the old partly-used sheets of account books. "Lienhard and Gertrude," as it was called, was a model of books for the people. When Iselin read it, he exclaimed, "The work is unique in its kind, and has not an equal." It was published, and met in Switzerland as well as in all Germany with universal favour and acceptance, bringing Pestalozzi a large and most acceptable sum of money. The city of Berne sent him in gratitude a large gold medal, which the poor man, much as it pleased him, could not keep, but was obliged to sell to a collector of curiosities soon after.

By this book he wished to raise the social condition of the peasantry. To the poor and the abandoned, *to the mothers*, he shows their faults and failings, and

in Gertrude represents a picture of how a mother ought to educate and instruct her children. The justice of his views and counsels was recognised, and the book was at once translated into several foreign languages. His second popular work, "Christoph and Else," was less successful.

In the following year he started a Swiss journal (*Schweizerblatt*), in which he related the lives of noble and celebrated Swiss. He wrote also several treatises on the social crimes and evils of the day, a book of fables, and several children's stories. All these writings bear the liveliest witness to his love for the people, for his country, and for freedom. Although these books brought him in a good deal of money, yet Neuhof still cost him annually large sums, and brought him in nothing. His distress was increasing, when the disorders consequent on the French Revolution broke out. The Republican armies invaded Switzerland, destroyed all law and order, and insisted on the Swiss adopting a new constitution. Several lucrative and important posts were offered to Pestalozzi under this new government, but he kept to his former determination, "I will be a schoolmaster."

The "Directory" at last acceded to his wishes, and appointed him overseer of a seminary to be at once established. While he was looking about for a suitable spot on which to erect this institution, events occurred which summoned him to a different scene of labour.

Several of the old Swiss cantons refused to accept

the new constitution. An open insurrection ensued, which ended in the complete devastation of the canton of Unterwalden by the French armies. Terrible misery was the consequence. The towns of Stanz and Stanzstadt had been burned to the ground, and a multitude of poor children, who had lost their parents, were wandering about in utter destitution, without a roof to shelter them. Their distress touched many generous Swiss hearts; from all parts of the country food, clothes, and money were sent to the afflicted district, and every effort made to alleviate the suffering there.

When Pestalozzi heard of these events, a voice within him seemed to say, "Be a father, a teacher, a helper to these orphans." He forgot his own troubles; he thought no more of his grand project, for the execution of which the Government had liberally offered him means; all he now desired was to be able to gather these abandoned children around him, and to save them from bodily and spiritual ruin. His wish was readily granted, and an old uninhabited convent near Stanz was assigned to him for his orphans. Thither Pestalozzi, now fifty-two years of age, betook himself at the close of 1798, accompanied only by an old housekeeper, to exercise his work of mercy. The building was partially in ruins, the rooms were not fit for habitation. In spite of that, poor children streamed thither as soon as they heard that a helper had appeared for them. Though *nothing* was ready, Pestalozzi could under no circum-

stances turn away a poor child. Unexampled difficulties met him at every point. In a little room, through whose broken windows the cold autumn blasts penetrated, in the most unwholesome atmosphere, in a thick layer of dust and plaster which filled all the passages, Pestalozzi began his work. The children, whose number daily increased, were covered with vermin, afflicted with fearful sores and ulcers, mostly emaciated skeletons, their teeth chattering, deep anguish in their eyes, deep wrinkles on their brows; some were bold and impudent, accustomed to beggary; hypocrisy, and all kinds of falsehood; others, bent down by their misery, patiently suffered, but were timid, mistrustful, incapable of love; while a few, who had lived in better circumstances, looked down with contempt on the other beggar children. All were so ignorant that scarcely one could repeat the alphabet.

Soon a new life of light and love dawned upon these poor outcasts, of whom in a very short time more than eighty were gathered into the institution. To them Pestalozzi was everything: from morning till night he was in their midst; all they received came from his hand—all the aid, all the instruction given them, came directly from him. His hand lay in their hand, his eye rested on their eye. His tears flowed with theirs, his smile accompanied theirs. He shared their meals; every service, even the lowest and most degrading, he performed for them. He taught them, and prayed with them, when they were in bed,

till they fell asleep. Full of gentleness, and of the noblest self-denial, he was determined to heal the moral wounds they had suffered, and to overcome their faults and failings, by unwearied kindness. He was their master, their servant, their father, their mother, their overseer, their nurse, their teacher.

The utter want of culture in these children did not dishearten him. Former experience had taught him what noble qualities and capabilities are often developed from the wildest and rudest natures. In this case too he was not deceived. Before the spring sun had melted the snow on the Alps, these children had so changed, that one could scarcely recognise them as the same. The school inspectors, sent by the Government, were amazed at his success. The simple method which he employed to effect this reformation, consisted in the adoption in his institution of a common affectionate family life—he was the father, the orphans were all his children.

When Altdorf was burned down, this great philanthropist assembled his children around him and said, "Altdorf has been burned down, and perhaps at this moment hundreds of children are without shelter, food, and clothing. Shall we not ask to be allowed to receive some twenty of these children in our house?" When they exclaimed, full of emotion, "Yes! oh, yes!" he added, "But our house has not money enough. You will have to work more for these children; you will get less to eat; you will be *obliged to share your clothes with them.* Will you

like to do that?" They exclaimed, "Oh! let them come, father, we will gladly work more, and eat less!"

There was a system of mutual instruction in his institution; children taught children, children learned from children. If one were even so small that it only knew a few letters, it would be placed between two others, and, embracing them with both hands, would show them, with brotherly or sisterly love, that which it knew, but they were still ignorant of. Thus Pestalozzi soon had helpers and fellow-workers among his children. He introduced the monitorial system among them. One special aim he had in view was to simplify, as far as practicable, his method of teaching, so that a man who possessed very little education—but mothers above all—might easily succeed in teaching their own children, while, at the same time, they were also themselves progressing in knowledge.

Malice, cruelty, impurity, among his pupils, he would severely punish, but he was ever ready to forgive the offender, and to encourage him to amend.

For all the sacrifices he had made, he reaped much ingratitude from parents. Many reproached him for taking away their children from them, whom they had previously employed to beg. Others enticed his pupils away. But he was compensated by the joy which he experienced when grateful parents came to press his hand, to thank him, with bright and cheerful countenance, for his care over their children.

*But the most formidable opposition he met with*



at this time, arose from the bigotry of the Roman Catholics. Unterwalden is a Catholic canton. Pestalozzi was a Protestant. The people of Stanz had not a good word to say of him, while the priests accused him of teaching the children, heresy. Those who were indifferent to religion, regarded him merely as a good-natured simpleton.

A terrible day for Pestalozzi was 8th June 1799. In consequence of the tidings, "The Austrians and the French are invading us from opposite sides," universal consternation arose. Men and women carried off all they could of their property into the woods, and Pestalozzi's children wandered about weeping, each carrying his little bundle under his arm. The French, who the year before had slain their fathers, now robbed the children of their new home. They took possession of the orphanage, and turned it into a military hospital. Pestalozzi, with tears, had to dismiss his innocent flock. His health, seriously shattered already by his extraordinary exertions, now quite broke down, and he fell dangerously ill. "Why can I not die?" he often exclaimed, with tears of anguish. This was part of that cross which all have to bear who exert themselves in the service of their fellow-men.

He had to go to a mountain bath, where, in a few weeks, he regained so much strength that he was eager to carry out new plans which he had formed. "From the heights of Gurnigel," he afterwards said, "*I gazed down on the beautiful boundless valley at*

my feet. Never had I seen so extensive a prospect ; and yet, as I looked upon this view, I thought more about the people than about the beauty of the landscape. I could not live without my work."

Pestalozzi sought for a new post in Berne. He was appointed under-master at a school in Burgdorf, where he had to teach children of from five to eight years old, reading and writing. His superiors did not appreciate his mode of instruction ; but the school inspectors, in their report to the Government, spoke very highly of him. Here again he worked so hard that his health would probably have again given way, had not unforeseen circumstances given a new turn to his fortunes. A citizen of Burgdorf, named Fischer, resembled Pestalozzi in the benevolence of his disposition. Having heard of the number of neglected orphans, who, owing to the horrors of war, were wandering about through the country, he determined to provide a home for them. He collected twenty-six of these outcasts in Burgdorf, and engaged a young man named Krüsi to teach them. But Fischer suddenly died of typhoid fever, and in him the children lost their benefactor. Meanwhile the good Krüsi had made Pestalozzi's acquaintance, and it was not long before both recognised how thoroughly their plans and ideas, accorded. They determined to found together a new educational institution. For this, the Government granted them the old uninhabited castle of Burgdorf, which new home they entered with their orphans in the winter of 1800. They worked cheer-

fully and with indefatigable industry. So good was the instruction provided, that well-to-do citizens sent their children to be educated at the new school. So successful was the institution that it attained a widespread repute. Fresh masters were summoned to assist, and pupils from far and near, streamed towards Burgdorf.

It was during this period that Pestalozzi wrote his best book, "How Gertrude teaches her Children." Its object was to help mothers in the art of instructing their little ones. In it, too, he expresses his deep and humble gratitude to God, who had preserved him and raised him up, when he had himself abandoned all hope. The school inspectors were amazed at the extraordinary results of Pestalozzi's short labours. So favourable was their report, that the Government declared the school at Burgdorf to be henceforth a national institution, supported by the public purse, and that a seminary should also be connected with it.

But all this happiness and prosperity was short-lived. Political events again dashed to the ground all Pestalozzi's hopes and plans. Under Napoleon's dictation, changes took place in the Swiss Government; the new rulers were not so favourable to national education as their predecessors, and Pestalozzi received orders to vacate the castle of Burgdorf immediately, as it was required for other purposes. In vain did the townsfolk protest. But when several Swiss towns offered an asylum to the benefactor of youth

and of the people, the Government allotted him the old convent of Munchenbuchsee. As this building was not large enough, the number of pupils decreased from one hundred, to seventy. Other disadvantages were soon apparent in their new abode, so Pestalozzi gladly accepted the invitation of the town of Yverdun, in the canton of Neufchatel, whither he repaired to found an educational establishment in an old ruined castle, which had long been tenanted only by owls and bats. Before a year had elapsed, all the dear ones he had left behind, had again assembled round him, and the condition of the new institution was most flourishing and prosperous. It soon attained so great a fame that teachers in Pestalozzi's system were demanded from Madrid, Naples, and St Petersburg, while the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and several other German princes, sent to the venerable schoolmaster, the greatest proofs of their esteem and confidence. Here, at Yverdun, Pestalozzi was as energetic as ever. He was still the last to go to bed, the first to rise. At two A.M. he generally began his day's work ; he then wrote or dictated to a young assistant whom he awoke himself, till it was time to devote himself, to his educational duties. He generally conducted the morning prayers himself. The work began at seven A.M., and lasted till eight P.M. Out of these thirteen hours, five were occupied in meals, games, baths, and walks, under the guidance of the masters. The number of pupils soon rose to 150.

The good and noble-hearted Queen Louisa of

Prussia wrote thus of Pestalozzi: "I am reading 'Lienhard and Gertrude : a Book for the People,' by Pestalozzi. I feel very happy in the midst of this Swiss village. Were I my own master I should get into my carriage and drive off to Pestalozzi in Switzerland, to thank this noble man with tears in my eyes, and with a warm shake of the hand. How good are his intentions towards humanity ! Yes, in humanity's name, I thank him."

Queen Louisa persuaded her husband, Frederick William III., to send a number of young men to Yverdun to be educated by Pestalozzi. He received them with joy, and addressed them in an earnest speech, by which he hoped to inspire them with his own zeal in the work of education. Many other young Germans subsequently came to Yverdun ; none left it without some profit or blessing.

The evening of the good man's life was approaching, but the peace which his best friends wished him, was not to be his portion. His fate remained to the end, as varied as it had been, from the beginning. Joy and grief came upon him by turns. To a man like Pestalozzi, who, during his whole life, had constantly a noble aim before his eyes, it could not be otherwise than that the prospect of the diffusion of his system should elate him as much as the contrary depressed him. That, during a succession of years, foreign countries sent him young schoolmasters to educate, strengthened his hopes for the victory of his cause ; *still more* was he encouraged by the fact that thre-

crowned heads, the kings of Holland and Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, did not disdain to seek a personal interview with him. When the King of Prussia came to Neufchatel in 1814, and desired to see Pestalozzi, the good schoolmaster unfortunately was seriously ill. Nevertheless, he started on his journey. Several times he fainted, had to be lifted out of the carriage and brought into a house, while his favourite pupil, Ramsauer, who accompanied him, implored him with tears to return and abandon his project. Gratefully pressing his hand, Pestalozzi replied, "Don't speak of it; I must see the king, and should I die in consequence, if through my presence one single child in Prussia receives a better education, I shall be richly rewarded." That same year he spoke to the Emperor Alexander at Basel, and earnestly pressed upon him the necessity for a better education of the young, throughout his vast dominions. So enthusiastic did he become, and so absorbed was he in his subject, that he forgot with whom he was talking; and according to a habit he had, when interested in conversation with any one, was just about to take the Emperor by the button of his coat! Suddenly he remembered himself, and had sufficient presence of mind to seize the Emperor's hand instead, in order to kiss it. The Emperor anticipated him, embraced him warmly, and kissed him as a son would a father.

Strange, indeed, is it, that this man, who was so great a master in education, and had especially such a marvellous talent in arithmetic, was to the last so

utterly unpractical in the management of his household matters. So careless and untidy was he in his person, that he looked like a beggar. On arriving one day before the gate of Soleure with unkempt hair, unshaven face, shoes trodden down at the heels, and stockings full of holes, he was taken by a policeman for a dangerous tramp, and led before the magistrate Lüthi. When the magistrate, recognising him, fell upon his neck, and the policeman stuttered out words of excuse, Pestalozzi gave him a crown with the words, "You have done your duty."

The sum paid by his pupils was a very small one, and this, Pestalozzi would not demand, if he thought the parents could not afford it. Never could he refuse a loan or even a gift asked of him. He was generous to a fault; but it was a fault which we cannot help loving. He had not the slightest capability for governing a large community. His most devoted pupil, Ramsauer, says of him, "Much as Pestalozzi's character, especially his indefatigable zeal and self-sacrificing love, was adapted to inspire young and old, and to bring life and activity into a house composed of so many various and conflicting elements, yet he had not the least idea of ruling his household outwardly."

So long as his wife lived, the threatening crisis was warded off. She had ever been his good genius, his comforter in sorrow. She knew how to heal or alleviate the wounds, which fate inflicted on him. But in December 1815, death snatched this faithful *companion* from his side. The blow was a terrible

one. But he turned under it to the only true source of comfort. "What," he said, addressing the dear one in her coffin—"what gave to you and to me strength in those sad days—when mocked at and avoided by all, bent down by sickness and sorrow, we ate our dry bread with tears—strength to persevere, and not cast away our confidence?" And then taking up a Bible which lay close by, he pressed it on the breast of the dead, and exclaimed, "From this source you, and I too, drew courage, strength, and peace."

And now trouble after trouble came upon Pestalozzi. Without property, robbed of his wife and of his only son, he was forsaken by one friend after another. Many a bitter drop had he to drink, during his declining years. Dissensions reigned among the masters in his institution. He could do nothing to reconcile the disputants. He was bent down by weakness and ill-health. In deep sorrow he sat down on the ruins of his hopes and of his happiness. But even now full of humility, he submitted to all God's dispensations, praised His holy name, pronounced all His wonderful ways to be righteous and holy, called himself unworthy of His mercies, and waited in hope and confidence for his approaching release. In 1825 he broke up his institution, after it had lasted for nearly a quarter of a century; and in his eightieth year, exhausted and weary of life, returned to Neuhof, where, just fifty years ago, he had founded his first home for the poor.



He now occupied himself writing down the experiences of his life.

In 1826 he visited Zeller's institution for the poor at Beuggen. The children received him with singing, presenting him with a wreath of oak leaves. But he would not accept it, and said, "Not to me, but to innocence does this wreath belong." When the children sang a hymn, the old man wished to thank them, but tears choked his voice.

His end was now near at hand. Before his death, he said, "I forgive my enemies. May they now find peace, as I am departing to eternal peace. I should have liked another month's life for my last works; but I thank Providence, which is calling me from this earthly life. And you, my friends, continue together, and seek your happiness in the quiet circle of home."

On 15th February 1827 he was conveyed to Brugg, that he might be nearer to his physician. On the 17th he died, and on the 19th his body was committed to the ground close by the schoolhouse at Birr. It was borne past the new home which he had begun to build, but had not completed. But few friends attended the funeral, for there was much snow on the ground, and the ceremony took place earlier than was expected. Some of the schoolmasters from the neighbouring villages, with their children, accompanied the good man to his last resting-place, singing the hymns he loved so well.

*He had seen some of his undertakings fail during*

his life ; but his ideas, animated, as they were, by a pure spirit of love, will never perish. Pestalozzi's whole life was devoted to the sacred duty of educating children, and elevating the condition of the people. The foundations of his system, were benevolence and earnest striving after truth. Many of the noble seeds which he sowed—though some may have been lost—took deep root ; and, in the course of time, bore fruit a hundred-fold. To this day our schools have to thank him, especially for the method of intuitive instruction. His great object was to engage the interest of his pupils, and thus unfold their powers. He saw that observation was the basis of all knowledge, and thus teaching by the eye became the centre of his system. He was never tedious. He accomplished all by the force of love and the energy of enthusiasm. His writings had a most beneficial effect on both parents and school teachers. Many learned from him how faith in God ought to penetrate, confirm, and sanctify all the relations of men with each other. His books for the people are pearls, whose value will be recognised for centuries hence. And the grand idea that the poor can be benefited by having suitable work given to them, far more than through donations of bread and money, has been fully recognised in our days, and energetically adopted in most countries of Europe.

Happy is the land whose schools, refuges, poor-houses, and orphanages, are animated by a spirit like that of Heinrich Pestalozzi.

On the 12th January 1846, the centenary of his birth, his coffin, covered with wreaths, in the presence of the school authorities, teachers, singers, and children of the Canton Aargau, and numerous deputations from other parts of Switzerland and from abroad, was removed to a more fitting resting-place by the side of the new schoolhouse at Birr. The whole side of the building forms a monument. In the centre is a niche, with Pestalozzi's bust, and beneath it the following inscription in German :

“Here rests Heinrich Pestalozzi, born at Zurich, 12th January 1746; died at Brugg, 17th February 1827.

At Neuhof, the deliverer of the poor.

At Stanz, the father of the orphans.

At Burgdorf and Munchenbuchsee, the founder of schools for the people.

At Yverdun, the educator of mankind.

He was a man, a Christian, a citizen. Everything for others; nothing for himself. Peace to his ashes.

To our Father Pestalozzi, the grateful Aargau.”





## BARON AUGET DE MONTYON.

THE FRENCH PHILANTHROPIST.

**I**N a steep crag of rock in the mountainous province of Auvergne, in France, stood at the beginning of the last century a grand old mediæval château with thick walls, turrets, and bastions. This castle, which had in former ages weathered many a storm and stood several sieges, was the property of the ancient family of Montyon, one of the wealthiest and most influential in the whole province, and who owned vast estates in the neighbourhood.

The Montyons had distinguished themselves in the Crusades ; they had always been ardent patriots and taken part in the various wars in which France had been engaged ; but the family was mostly remarkable for the charity and benevolence which characterised its members. Instead of oppressing and taxing the peasantry on their estates, the Barons de Montyon did all in their power to relieve their wants and make

them as happy as possible. They built churches, schools, and hospitals, and were ever ready to hold out a helping hand to any who were in distress.

No wonder was it, then, that the sacred bond of affection which had so long existed between the Montyons and the people was strengthened as time advanced, and that the latter grieved to perceive how the noble race was gradually dying out; and when they saw the last baron, with his noble young wife, depart for Paris, tears, blessings, and prayers, followed the young couple who had so faithfully walked in the footsteps of their ancestors.

An important post which had been offered to the baron in the capital was the cause of their removal. They had as yet no children. Court life, with its splendour and dissipation, had no attractions for them, and in their large mansion at Paris they led as quiet and happy a family life, as they had done among the mountains of Auvergne.

But the poor in the workmen's quarters of the capital soon began to perceive that some secret hand relieved their wants, as had never been the case before, for the clergy seemed to be provided with an inexhaustible supply of alms.

Baron Montyon would penetrate those streets where the greatest misery reigned; he would enter the wretched garrets of the poor, and thus find out those cases which mostly needed relief—sufferers whose modesty or timidity prevented them from asking for *help*. His wife often accompanied him on these

errands of mercy, but they were always disguised. None knew who they were, or recognised their high rank.

Happy as they were in this life of active benevolence, yet there was one trouble which weighed heavily on their hearts. The baron was the last of his race. They had been married some years and had no child. Who, then, can describe their unutterable bliss when at last a son was born to them, and the anxiety they had endured lest the race should die out was removed?

Gratitude to God for this mercy made them increase their acts of charity. Not only were they immensely rich, possessing vast estates as well as funded property, but they spent no money in display and luxury like other noble families, and lived so quietly that they had all the more to give away to those who needed.

Their son, who in holy Baptism received the names of Antoine Jean-Baptiste Robert Auger, was born on the 23d December 1733. His parents divided their time between his education, and their works of charity. The boy grew up strong and healthy; he showed, too, that he was well endowed in heart and mind, and soon manifested that he had inherited the benevolent disposition of his parents. As he grew up, the best masters were provided for him, and he made rapid progress in his studies. His father made him his constant companion in his walks and rides. He was a favourite with all his schoolfellows, not

merely on account of his cheerful disposition, but because he was ever ready to help and console any who were in trouble. He never as a boy passed the poor, the blind, and the lame, without stopping to say a kind word, or giving them relief. He knew all the really needy in his immediate neighbourhood, and would often go and seek out others in the dark narrow back streets, where scarcely a ray of sunlight could penetrate. Often would he leave home to go to school earlier than was necessary, that he might go out of his way to visit those streets and lanes. On one occasion, when he was about fourteen, he came to a very narrow, dark, dirty alley, in which he noticed a small, old, and rickety dwelling. Suddenly the cries and lamentations of several voices, which he heard through a little open window, rooted him to the spot. He stood listening for a moment, then he quietly entered the house, and passed through the door, which was open, into a small dark room, and what he saw here affected him deeply. A poor, pale, emaciated woman sat wringing her hands at the foot of a miserable bed. Around her six children were standing, all crying—on the bed lay the body of a young man who had just died. One look was enough to make him understand the circumstances. The husband and father—the breadwinner—of this family had just died; and added to the grief for their loss, was the terrible thought that with him all hope for these seven unfortunates sank in a grave. The state of the room proved the *erty* which reigned here; hunger was mani-

fest in the pale sunken cheeks of the children, who doubtless during their father's illness had suffered bitter want.

Overcome by all this, Robert Montyon at once put his hand into his pocket, but he had no money there; he remembered that when dressing in the morning he had left his purse on his table.

He did not tarry a second; he ran through the street the nearest way back to his father's house. Arrived there, he flew up the stairs to his bedroom, seized his purse, and hurried back to the abode of misery, for time was getting on, and the hour that school began was approaching.

At the door he met the eldest of the children, a girl of about his own age. As quickly as he could, he opened the purse and poured into the child's apron all that it contained; he could only gasp out the words, "Buy yourselves bread with it!" and then hurried off, that he might reach school in time. When the class was over, and he came home, and sank exhausted into a chair, his mother anxiously inquired the reason for his being so tired as well as for his return that morning, and now she heard the whole story. His mother was as deeply touched by the misery of that family as he had been, who had witnessed it, and knew its cause.

She asked him the street and the house. He knew how to describe it exactly, and said, "Yes, dearest mother, another must take your gifts there; they would recognise me, so I dare not go through that street



again ; but you will take care, will you not, that this poor family does not starve ? ”

Then his mother, with tears, pressed him to her heart, and promised to complete his good work. For months he avoided the street, after his mother had told him that the unfortunate family was well provided for ; and, when urged by his kind heart, he once more ventured thither, and inquired of a neighbour how the family were getting on, he received the joyful tidings that they were prospering, that the children were neatly clad and well behaved, the mother industrious and careful ; and the concluding words of his informant, an old shoemaker, left a happy impression on his mind—“ May God bless the unknown benefactors who have accomplished this good work, and who continue to provide for the family, though nobody to this day knows who they are ! ” But when the old man scanned him narrowly, and added that he thought he was indeed the young man who had brought them the first assistance, and had caused it to be continued, young Montyon hastened away, and never entered the street again. The secret was kept, for the servant who carried his mother’s gifts was silent as the grave ; but Robert knew that his mother never lost sight of the family.

Kind and loving as he was, it must not be forgotten that Robert Montyon was a thorough boy too ; he was fond of all sorts of manly games and bodily exercises. He would stand no insult from any of his *schoolfellows*, many of whom felt the power of his arm

and his fist ; in fencing he was remarkably skilful, and in his class was distinguished as much by his courage and strength of body, as he was for his uprightness and honesty of mind. The time approached for him to choose a profession. A military life was distasteful to him. He had brilliantly passed all his school and college examinations, and now decided to devote himself to the law. In 1755, at the early age of twenty-two, he was appointed advocate of the king, at the Châtelet. From earliest youth he had regarded life not as an adventure or a pleasure, but as a serious affair—as a task assigned to each of us ; a duty to learn which, trouble is necessary ; a work which must be continued to our last hour. Thus, on entering his profession, he showed such probity, disinterestedness, such inflexible attachment to his principles, that in that age of folly and indolence the young and austere magistrate was nicknamed “ the grenadier of the long robe ”—a happy expression, like many of those which proceed from the popular voice, and which proclaimed him, in a few words, the intrepid defender of the laws, the guardian who watches that duties are performed, the sentinel of justice, the soldier always ready to mount to the assault, to obtain what is right and just.

In the year 1760 he was appointed “ *Maître des Requêtes*,” at a much earlier age than it was usual to be entrusted, with such important functions. He was only twenty-seven ; and to fill this post it was considered necessary to be thirty-one. The exception in

his favour was made owing to his aptitude for work, the keenness of his discernment, his perseverance, and his matured experience.

Soon after Montyon was named councillor in the great council of state, where he first distinguished himself in the office of the colonial legislature by the interest he took in the fate of the blacks, and afterwards under Malesherbes, at the Library, where he made numerous friends, among those who cultivate or love literature. In 1766 the royal council, obedient to the pressure of the court, which was hostile to a courageous magistrate, La Chalotais, who had invoked the ancient privileges of Brittany against the arbitrariness of the ministry, transformed itself into a commission to judge him. In the midst of the council, Montyon rose, and proved, with power, that the French constitution reposed upon the good sense of the sovereign, as well as on the good sentiments of the nation. He declared that for his part he would never lend his hands to the illegal transformation of the royal council of France into a commission, whose decisions might appear to be influenced by the resentments of ministers, or the caprices of the court. He ended by recalling the words of L'Hopital, "If the king should deprive us of the liberty of invoking the law, we should then only be slaves, he would be our oppressor, and not our sovereign."

He was the only one found in that corrupt age to oppose the infraction of the law; he was therefore *not at all* surprised when, shortly after, he was exiled

from court, and appointed to a distant post—the governorship of the province of Auvergne. This disgrace did not change his love of justice, his respect for equity, his disdain for those sacrifices which probity demands.

Auvergne was his native province—endeared to him by associations and family ties. At the time when he was sent there (1770) a terrible famine was desolating the province, so that many of the inhabitants were reduced to live upon grass. It was during that miserable period which followed the wars of Louis XIV., and when the Duke of Orleans one day entered the cabinet of Louis XV.—then a child—and throwing upon the table some bread made of ferns, exclaimed, “Sire, that is what your people eat!”

Montyon was heartily welcomed by the suffering people. Perceiving the magnitude of their distress, he demanded help from Paris. When this did not come, he did not hesitate. Hitherto he had annually given 20,000 francs from his own purse to the poor, now he devoted his fortune for the alleviation of the distress which he saw around him. He not only gave away money and food, where it was necessary, but he also did all in his power to give fresh impetus to industry and to labour, by which the poor might help themselves. He lent seed to those agriculturists who had lost theirs; he embellished the towns of Aurillac and Mauriac by a quay destined to prevent the overflowings of the Vire, and by public promenades, which exist to the present day. When they wished to call

these by his name, he said, "We have not to name them but to finish them; if these works prove useful, and if the poor are fed, that is enough for me."

In the midst of all these useful and beneficial works, when on the point of rescuing a province from the verge of ruin, and occupied by zealous efforts to overcome the distress of the populace by helping them to useful labours, he had to submit to a new trial which fell more heavily perhaps on the people of Auvergne, than it did on himself.

The corrupt and selfish governments of Louis XV. were unable to influence the stern, upright Montyon as they desired. He protested against or resisted measures which were palpably unjust. For this he was disgraced. He was torn away from the grateful people of Auvergne, and sent to Aix, being now appointed governor of Provence.

The population was in despair, every effort was made to retain him, petitions being forwarded to Paris, to the king, to the ministry, but all were in vain.

His reputation was so great that he met with a hearty welcome in his new sphere of action. He soon proved himself as excellent a governor of Provence, as he had been of Auvergne. Everything which affected the real welfare of the people he took deeply to heart; new resources, new strength, new plans, were on all sides called forth by his earnest benevolent spirit. The poor were assisted from some mysterious and invisible source. Fresh life was *developed* in every branch of the administration.

The noble-minded Montyon soon won the affection of the whole population.

The city of Marseilles especially benefited by his wisdom. The restrictions to which the royal council subjected the corn trade in that port were in these days of scarcity, ruining the merchants and starving the country. Montyon, without waiting for an authorisation which never came, hastened on his own responsibility, to suspend these laws. He pledged his wealth, his whole fortune, his liberty, his honour, his life, to guarantee the prosperity of the city, and the receipts of the treasury. "No consideration could make me timid when the welfare of the country is concerned," he said. Ten times more corn now entered Marseilles than left it. M. de Montyon had thus even increased the royal revenues, and saved the province from that famine which was threatening it. Provence from 1771 to 1773 had but one voice to bless the paternal administration of this good man, who found in his conscientious sincerity, the courage to act in advance of his age, by applying to the first port of the kingdom, that policy of free trade, since adopted by all enlightened European nations.

How was Montyon rewarded for the liberality of his views in the administration of Provence? Six weeks after receiving a letter of congratulation from the minister, accorded with very bad grace, a new decree relegated him to La Rochelle. The heat of the shores of the Mediterranean had already affected his health, the sudden change to the cold fogs of the

ocean imperilled his life. At each fresh success the Government endeavoured to restrict the theatre of his activity, but they were not able to lessen, the energy of the man. In whatever post he was placed, his one grand object was to do good. The fever never left Montyon during the fifteen months which he passed at La Rochelle, but during that time he diminished the taxes by which the town was oppressed, secured to it a gain of 400,000 francs by the lease of its octrois, and in a word, did more than many others would have accomplished in ten years.

His health was so bad that his friends urged the ministry in Paris, that such faithful services to the State and to the nation, merited promotion, but that hitherto they had been unrecognised.

The reply, however, the reward of so many labours, was a definitive disgrace. Montyon was recalled from the governorship of La Rochelle, as the climate did not suit his health. In recognition of his services, the king sent him 4000 francs, allowing him at the same time to retire from all active service, till his health was restored!

This of course was a dismissal. Perhaps it was more disgraceful to be favoured by such a Government than to be rewarded by it. When its favours were reserved for such as the Duc d'Aiguillon, who by his incapacity delivered Poland to its perfidious neighbours; to the Abbé Terray, the Minister of Bankruptcy; to Maupeou, the bare-faced corruptor of the French magistracy, disgrace ennobled, as the scaffold ennobled, *fifteen years later.*

At last, in 1774, Louis XV. died, after a deplorable reign of fifty-nine years, of which his successor, as an innocent victim, had to bear all the terrible consequences.

The situation which Louis XVI. had to remedy was a very grave one. The labouring classes were groaning under the burden of all kinds of taxes, which weighed upon industry and upon commerce. The whole condition of society was rotten at the core. A century before, Archbishop Fénelon had remarked, that "at the first shock, the old machine must break up." A formidable revolution was at hand.

M. de Malesherbes, who had always been Montyon's friend, was now Minister of Justice. He called the attention of the king, to this faithful servant of the State. In 1775 Montyon had felt himself constrained to defend his administration in a memorial to the king calling down upon his head all the severities of the law, "if, in his three governorships, there was a single person who could cite the least act of injustice, as proceeding from him." He added, that "if such was the order of things that zeal and services were treated as faults, and only repaid by disgrace, the misfortune of a private individual would become the public cause; it would become even that of the sovereign, as these examples would enervate, one of the great means, which he had in his hands, to assure the prosperity of his service." Montyon now no longer took an active part in public affairs. Born without



ambition, wearied and annoyed by contradictions and reverses, he studied and wrote—not with a view to literary fame, but that his country might profit by his meditations—books containing useful instruction or noble encouragement, in the practice of good.

It was through the solicitation of the Duc de Penthièvre that Montyon was made a member of the Council of State, by a royal letter, couched in flattering terms.

He was now frequently summoned to court, as Louis XVI. was fond of conversing with a man of such thorough good sense. Montyon would present himself at the palace, in his plain old-fashioned coat, for he refused to follow the ever-changing caprices of the fashion. His appearance did not escape the jests and scoffs of the courtiers, who strolled in lazy luxury through the galleries of Versailles. The Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X., once had the folly and bad taste to join in the ridicule of these silly idlers. Next day, when the young prince presented himself before the king—his brother—he reproached him severely for his conduct, towards a magistrate distinguished by so many excellent qualities. The prince reflected, and soon after he came to the king and said, "Sire, I have ridiculed M. de Montyon's coat. I ought to bow down before his generous heart and exalted wisdom. I owe him a great and public reparation for the wrong I have done him. I have now come to ask your Majesty to attach him to my *person*, under the title of chancellor and chief of my

council." M. de Montyon willingly accepted the prince's apologies, as well as the honourable functions offered to him. He became the Comte d'Artois' chancellor; but during the whole of the nine years that he filled that post, he refused to touch a sou of the emoluments of his office. He not only served for nothing, but with a delicacy very rare indeed among the nobles of those days, that he might prove to the Comte d'Artois the purest zeal for his duties, he made it a rule never to obtain any favour from him or through him.

Rich as Montyon undoubtedly was in worldly goods, his soul was richer still. His well-administered fortune regularly increased; but he thought far more about making a noble use of it than of augmenting it. His house might be called a very temple of liberality.

The French Academy, in 1779, which had, as was customary, to crown the best literary work of the year, found several worthy of this distinction. Regret was expressed in a public sitting, that there were not sufficient funds to reward more than one. Some days after, a secret message placed at the Academy's disposal means to honour a second work. Two similar grants followed each other. From whence came these benefits? No one knew. They came, in fact, from M. de Montyon, who wore his old clothes for such a long time; whose frugal table was only covered by the simplest viands; whose door was always open for the unfortunate who knocked at it, but did not open often enough, if the gossip of society was to be

believed, for fêtes and supper parties; and whose parsimony and avarice were constantly being complained of by the courtiers.

In 1780 the Academy was informed by a notary that an anonymous person had remitted to it, through him, 12,000 francs, to be devoted to useful experiments for the advance of science. Then in 1782 came a sum destined to reward discoveries, whose object or result was to render the industrial arts less unhealthy and injurious to the workmen and artists who were employed in them. In 1783 the Academy of Sciences obtained from this mysterious benefactor, other prizes to encourage researches which tend to simplify the processes of some mechanical art. Louis XVI. publicly expressed his regret that the king had been deprived of the honour of making such a foundation. The art of healing also received encouragements. A similar competition was founded under the direction of the School of Medicine, 1787.

The soul has its wounds as well as the body, and the Academy was, in 1782, called to adjudge a prize annually to the work "from which would result the greatest good to humanity," and which was best fitted to spread salutary notions among the people. This prize was first granted to "*Conversations d'Emilie*," by Madame d'Epinay.

The crowning of this beautiful edifice, which the public saw with emotion slowly rising before its eyes, *without being able to express its gratitude to the hand*

which had laid the foundations and established its various stages, was not long now before it was accomplished; and a considerable endowment was offered to the Academy to come to the aid of human despondency and distress, to cheer and elevate hearts, by annually honouring before the eyes of all, in a solemn public sitting, the acts of persevering virtue of a poor Frenchman.

Good writings, in Montyon's opinion, ought to inspire good deeds, as praise ought to encourage virtue; for the best, as it has been said, is the most sensitive to honour. The beautiful pages of poets and novelists were, in his eyes, the good seed cast to the winds. The beautiful actions of the people are the ears reaped to the honour of the country, and of the whole human race. Such were the thoughts of Montyon when the Revolution broke out; such were they still, when he returned from exile, twenty-five years after. Long before 1789, Montyon's clear foresight had perceived the threatening storm. He knew that his country was hastening to the verge of an abyss from which nothing now could keep her back, that everything in the State was diseased, that there was no means of escape, that the flood was at hand which would swallow up everything.

The storm burst, and all human passions were set at liberty from those chains, which had hitherto bound them. Fury demanded victims—hatred, blood. As there was no longer security nor law, no place of refuge could be found in France. All who could do

so, fled, seeking shelter in other lands, where they were safe from pursuit and murder.

Even a man, whose benevolence was so boundless and so well known as Montyon, was not spared. Personal threats obliged him to fly to a foreign soil, where he heard of the execution of the king on 21st January 1793, which was the beginning of the Reign of Terror, and of the death of his friend, the Duc de Penthièvre, from the shock he received by the assassination of his daughter, the Princesse de Lamballe. Montyon was not one of those who were opposed to necessary reforms. His doctrine on such matters might be summed up in these words, borrowed from one of his works: "In France, without a king, there is no security; without an assembly of the nation, no liberty; with a king and an assembly of the nation, security and liberty."

Probably, when in 1787 the king had offered him the ministry of justice and the keepership of the seals of France, he had declined the honour, because he felt his utter incapacity to stem the torrent along which the whole of French society was being so rapidly carried.

As early as 1788 he had succeeded in saving a portion of his fortunes from the confiscations he foresaw. He chose Geneva as his residence, when forced to quit his own country. In exile, as at home, he made the noblest use of his wealth. He relieved distress everywhere, and at the same time sent large sums of money to France, to mitigate the various sufferings

which the Revolution had caused to the wretched population. The poor emigrants, as well as the French Republican prisoners, all came in for his help. To both he gave the bread, so bitter when received from the hand of the foreigner, so sweet when taken from that of a friend, a fellow-countryman. In those who suffered, he would only perceive Frenchmen. He did not look to see what cockade they wore. He belonged to the one great party of his country. All other distinctions he ignored.

His noble benevolent heart was deeply pained when, day by day, successive accounts of fresh deeds of horror and massacre from France reached his ears, and of the terrible civil war which was desolating that fair land.

As the Revolution progressed, Montyon was no longer safe in Geneva. He had to travel to the sea coast, and cross to England, to seek a place of rest and security for his old age, till better days should dawn upon France.

Though his income was now much decreased, he still continued his benevolent gifts. Not a day passed that some sufferer was not relieved by him; 10,000 francs were annually sent to support various institutions for the poor in his native province of Auvergne; while out of an annual sum of 10,000 francs, half was employed in succouring the exiles from France, while the other half was spent among the French prisoners in England.

His life in London was passed as follows: the

morning was devoted to scientific pursuits, the afternoon to visiting French prisoners and English charitable institutions, to seeking out cases of distress concealed from human eyes. If any time remained, he employed it in visits to public libraries, collections of art, and industrial establishments; and the evenings he spent in the highest and best circles of English society, which were naturally open to one, who had occupied such distinguished posts in France, and who, moreover, was so well known and honoured a philanthropist. Here he was more frequently a listener than a speaker; his great object was to learn what was going on in his unhappy country, and to discover what opportunities were open to him for doing good and kind actions. Yet so secret was his charity, that people would say, What does he do with all his money? and suggest that he was avariciously saving it. Disdaining such calumnies, Montyon would mysteriously come to the aid of sufferings which, though hidden, were none the less cruel; sometimes those assisted would guess that it was by his hand, though they never surprised him in the act. It seems that Montyon blushed as much at his private virtues, as he did at his rights to public gratitude. His heart was liberality itself, but it had its limits; it was subject to certain laws, and was keen in its discernment. Of this we have a double proof during his exile. He learned once that the Duchesse d'Angoulême had sold her diamonds; he placed at her disposal the remains of his fortune. The duchess would not accept this

sacrifice. A little time after, he happened to be at a soirée in London, at the house of an emigrant lady, who expressed an earnest desire to go and request the first Consul that her lands, which were still unsold, might be restored to her. She was poor. Her friends, exiles like herself, subscribed together to provide her with funds for her travelling expenses. She still wanted five guineas, and remarked, with a sigh, "Who would have thought that a woman who, ten years ago, had 300,000 francs a-year, would be unable to return to France for lack of five guineas?" M. de Montyon, who had not been asked to subscribe, as he was thought to be stingy about money, was sitting with his head bent down, and he began vigorously to stir the fire. One might, however, have perceived the tears which had started to his eyes. The next day the lady received a cheque for £5, 5s. She set out on her journey; she was successful; she returned and assembled her friends, and paid her debts to them. Montyon was again there, sitting by the fire. The party separated. He remained the last. The lady approached him, they chatted together; allusion was made to the five guineas. "It was a true friend who sent them me," said the lady. "I should be afraid to wound his feelings if I sought to penetrate the delicate mystery by which he has surrounded his benevolence." "Yes, doubtless you would wound his feelings if you had continued poor, but you have regained your fortune; there are many in distress, and he who lent them you might perhaps——" "Was



it you, my friend?" "Myself, madam, and I ask you to return me my five guineas." Such was the man.

During his exile, he devoted much time to literature, and several works on political economy proceeded from his pen. He was made a member of the Royal Society of London, in consideration of his distinguished talents.

When at last, in the year 1815, M. de Montyon was able to return from his long exile to his native land, he was over eighty years of age. "I must make haste to do good," said this excellent old man. "I survive all my family; I stand alone in the ranks. While death forgets me, I must do all I can to be useful."

He held aloof from society, which, in spite of the old-fashioned costume which he still maintained, eagerly sought his presence in its circles. He shunned politics, and devoted himself to his "memoirs," which he wrote every day.

The only pleasure he gave himself in his old age, was that of buying back his patrimony, sold at the Revolution—the estate of Chambrey, near Meaux, as well as that of Montyon. He also continued to send, under an impenetrable veil, assistance to all the mairies of Paris for the poor, as well as to all charitable societies. He loved to redeem, at the pawn-brokers', objects which distress alone, caused their owners to part with—often with agony, and to the injury of the family, and especially the children—*such as thick woollen garments and linen.* Every

year he spent 15,000 francs in thus redeeming articles of the value of five francs or under. He truly had made benevolence an art, and charity a science. At eighty-seven years of age he complained of only being able to work seven hours a-day; in the failure of his sight and heaviness of his hand he perceived symptoms of an approaching end. "I desire," said he, "following out the sentiments by which I have always been animated, that the last moments of my existence, should not be absolutely barren."

One day, in Montyon's presence, Count Daru spoke of the critical situation of a general—a distinguished man—whose name, out of regard for his family, he did not mention, and who, from one misfortune to another, had fallen into the deepest misery. Next day Montyon called on Count Daru, and handed him 8000 francs for this officer, whose name he did not ask, and of which he desired to remain ignorant.

M. de Montyon was one of those good labourers who, beginning to work in the vineyard at the earliest dawn, did not cease till the sun was set. "To live is to act," he said; "it is to correct the imperfections and failures of yesterday, by the bold and persevering labour of the morrow. What I have been unable to accomplish to-day I will do to-morrow." Such are the workmen who do not leave their tools till the day when death freezes their hands, and closes their eyes.

This good white-haired philanthropist passed gently away on the 29th December 1820, only regret-

ting that he had done so little good to mankind, and that he had only had time to endow Paris with eight, out of the twelve benevolent institutions, he had destined for that city. He had, however, taken care that his charity should survive him—in fact, that in many instances it should be eternal — by the liberal dispositions of his will.

He had stipulated that his funeral should be without pomp. But it was honoured by a sort of homage which neither wealth nor power are sufficient to ensure to our remains—by the tears of sincere affection, and lively gratitude. The procession which accompanied him to his last resting-place was not distinguished by the splendour of that funereal pomp, which does not address itself to grief, but to vain curiosity. Those who had experienced his goodness, and whose names were unknown, had hastened from all parts to weep over his coffin—as orphans who lament for a father.

His ashes had already reposed for many years at Vaugirare, without any inscription revealing his place of sepulture, as unknown after his death as his goodness had been during his life. It was not till some time after, that a modest stone, surrounded by a little iron railing, was placed there. When this cemetery was suppressed, many unanimous requests were made—which showed he was not forgotten by the poor—that he should be removed to the cemetery of the east. It was, however, finally decided that *Montyon's remains* should be deposited, as in their most

fitting resting-place, at the foot of his marble statue, by Bosio, opposite to the statue of Bishop St Landry, the popular founder of the Hôtel Dieu, beneath the pavement of the vestibule of that edifice, at the entrance of the asylum for the suffering poor. The following inscription faithfully recalls his good and noble actions :

“ To the memory of Montyon.  
Whose inexhaustible benevolence  
And ingenious charity,  
Have assured,  
After his death, as during his life,  
Encouragements to sciences ;  
Rewards to virtuous actions ;  
Alleviations to all human miseries.”

Montyon (with the exception of his servants, to whom he left pensions) had no heir except his grand-niece, Mdlle. de Balivière, who imitated his virtues, but afterwards retired into a convent. The simplicity of the former governor of Auvergne, added to his wise administration, had prodigiously augmented his fortune, and the sums of which he disposed in his will, increased as if by enchantment. They were employed according to a progressive scale, which he had with wise foresight, determined on. His gifts to suffering humanity amounted to nearly four millions, his endowments, in favour of literature and art and unknown and hidden virtues, to nearly a million and a half francs.

We cannot conclude our records of this good man's life better than by quoting some extracts from his will. It begins thus :

"I ask pardon of God for not having more exactly fulfilled my religious duties. I ask pardon of men for not having done all the good to them that I might have done, and consequently ought to have done."

Article 11. "I desire that a sum of from 2400 to 3000 francs should be expended in making a marble bust of Madame Elisabeth of France, with this inscription on it : 'To Virtue.' This bust shall be placed in a spot where it may be seen by many persons ; if possible, at the door of the cathedral of Notre Dame. I do not remember whether I ever have had the honour of speaking to this princess ; but I desire thus to pay her a tribute of respect and admiration."\*

16. "I bequeath to each of the hospitals of the departments of Paris a sum of 10,000 francs, to be distributed in gratuities or succour given to the poor who are leaving these hospitals, and who then have the greatest need of help. As there are twelve departments, this sum will amount to 120,000 francs."

After reading this will, and becoming acquainted with the life of him who wrote it, we can well agree with his biographer, M. Chazet, who says : "Such was this choice man, whose life may be regarded as a moral and historical study for all conditions and all classes. As an organ of the laws, he never allowed them to be turned aside at the bidding of caprice ; as a magis-

\* *This bust was placed in the hall of the Academy's sittings.*

trate, he judged according to his conscience ; as an administrator, he made his name to be blessed in the provinces over which he ruled ; as a financier, he took order for his foundation, and probity for his guide ; as a rich man, he lived as if he were not one, in order to give more to the poor. What had never been seen in any previous age, and which was reserved for our century to know and to admire, was a man who, possessor of an immense fortune, never administered it in any other way except to the profit of the poor ; who always made use of power in such a way that it drew down blessings upon himself ; who foresaw all misfortunes, calculated all resources, founded prizes for all useful talents and all modest virtues ; who, mysterious in his benevolence, never gave away money except under the seal of secrecy ; who, for sixty years, conspired in the shade, for the public good ; and who, even to his last hour, by spreading abroad unexampled liberality, would have wished to remain unknown, if he only could have made his will without signing his name."





## VALENTIN HAÜY.

THE FRIEND OF THE BLIND.

**T**OWARDS the middle of the last century, the wife of a poor weaver at St Just, in Picardy, gave birth, at an interval of three years, to two sons, whose names have become famous in the annals of science and philanthropy. It was especially to their mother that these two men owed the celebrity attached to their names ; to her, posterity ought to be grateful for the scientific progress accomplished by the elder of the two, and for the relief and consolation brought by the second, to one of the most terrible infirmities of our poor humanity. The courageous peasant woman, perceiving the studious disposition of her sons, though with scarcely any means at her disposal, made the journey with them to Paris, to put them in the way of obtaining education. The elder, René Just Haüy, became a learned mineralogist ; the younger, Valentin, the subject of this sketch, did not *obtain the brilliant fame and academical distinction*

of his brother, but he had the honour of doing for the blind what De l'Épée had done for the deaf and dumb, and for this his name is entitled to be enrolled in the golden book of humanity, by the side of that celebrated abbé.

One autumn day, in the year 1771, a gentleman was strolling through the streets of Paris, when suddenly he found his progress arrested by a crowd of people, who were listening with great merriment to a singular concert, performed by ten blind men, in the middle of the street, before the doors of a café. Comically dressed, with enormous pasteboard spectacles on their noses, and high peaked caps on their heads, the unfortunate men were executing on various instruments a most pitiable music, while one of them, disfigured with long ears and a peacock's tail, as wretchedly sang. The proprietor of the café had engaged this noisy, inharmonious band, to entice customers. With deep indignation did the gentleman contemplate this miserable spectacle, and was about hastily to continue on his way, when one of the blind men began to go round and collect among the audience. Our friend observed with astonishment how very cleverly and correctly he was able to distinguish the different pieces of coin which were given to him. As he was of a thoughtful, reflective disposition, this spectacle awoke great concern in his mind; the fate of these poor, unhappy, blind people seemed to him a hard and a sad one. "Could nothing be done," he thought, "to render these unfortunate men



useful, and to make them happier? They make no mistake about the money they receive, why then should they not also be able to learn their letters, and, if they can understand them, be led on to other things as well?"

This man was Valentin Haüy. From keeping a writing school, he had risen to be royal interpreter to the French Admiralty, and to the Council of Paris, and a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. For eleven years did he cherish this one idea in his heart, viz., how he could benefit the blind, and what means could be used to give them instruction. Then he became acquainted with the Abbé de l'Epée, by whom he was much encouraged and strengthened in his resolution. In 1784, a chance accident finally influenced him to carry his plan into execution. He observed how a blind child went to school with his brother, and when school hours were over, how he asked his companion to read aloud to him out of his lesson books, that he might learn something more, but the brother refused, because he would thus be hindered in his accustomed play.

Just at this time a blind lady, Madlle. de Paradis, came from Vienna to Paris, and won great applause during Lent by her performances on the organ at concerts of sacred music. Haüy visited her, and learned from her, various modes of instruction for the blind, which she had invented, such as raised maps made of embroidery, separate letters cut out, all of *which* could be distinguished by the touch. Haüy

now hoped for the happiest results from his enterprise. The benevolent man sought at once for a blind lad, with whose instruction he could make an experiment. The first who was brought to him was a youth of eighteen, François le Sueur, who had been rendered blind by epileptic fits, ever since he was six weeks old. His parents were honest, industrious people, but very poor; he was therefore obliged to maintain himself. Then sickness came into the family, followed by such want and distress that the blind lad was forced to resort, in spite of his strong dislike to such a course, to beg for alms at the church doors. When he received anything from the benevolent, who often only gave, to get rid of the beggar, with deep joy he would bring it to his family, and divide it between his three sisters and three brothers. Under such sad circumstances, did Le Sueur receive his first instruction in the newly-opened institution.

Though Haüy was now making the first attempt to teach the blind in Paris, hospitals and asylums for them had existed for some time in that city. Indeed, so early as the year 1260, after the crusade of St Louis, the first blind hospital had been founded in Paris under the name of "Quinze-Vingts." Many attempts had been made at teaching the blind in England, Scotland, and Germany, but they had chiefly been carried on in private. Valentin Haüy was the first to start a public institution for the instruction of the blind, and he was enabled to do so in the following way.

After he had been privately teaching a few blind lads for some time, he was asked to give a proof of his success so far, and with pleasure he seized the opportunity of delivering an address at a sitting of the Academy on the subject of the instruction of the blind; this was listened to with the greatest interest. In consequence of the attention the subject now excited, the Minister of Public Instruction requested him to give some examples of his teaching with one of his blind scholars, and, surprised at the results, he urged him to continue his efforts, and promised him the support of the Government. At that time there existed in Paris a philanthropic society, whose object was universal benevolence. The members of this society met twice every month, in a convent, with the intention of doing some good action in secret. Their attention was drawn to Hatty's undertaking. Through the support of this society, the foundation for a blind institution was laid; twelve poor blind children were to be lodged and boarded there at its expense, and twelve francs a-month were to be appropriated for the use of each.

At first it was supposed that this mode of instruction would only be profitable to a few of the blind whom nature had especially provided with a fine sense of touch; but out of fourteen blind persons who soon after its erection, were received into the institution, only three lagged behind the others; the confidence of the public was therefore won, and all became *more and more* convinced of the general applic-

ability, as well as of the usefulness, of the instruction given.

At the commencement of 1785, an examination of the blind took place in the presence of the members of the Academy of Sciences, and these bore so strong and enthusiastic a testimony to all they had seen and heard, that the sympathy of the public was excited in the highest degree. To this interest the building which soon after arose in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, and which bears the inscription, "For the benefit of suffering humanity," owes its erection. Already, in 1787, the number of blind who were taught here amounted to one hundred and forty. They received instruction in music, as notes printed in relief were placed before them ; they learned to read out of books whose letters, like the notes, were raised ; and they printed these notes and books themselves. Haüy taught his scholars arithmetic by means of tables, in which the numbers, which were similar to the printed letters, were placed in holes which stood one above the other. Geography was taught them by maps, in which boundaries, rivers, mountains, and cities were distinguished by raised lines and points. Furthermore, the blind received instruction in various kinds of handiwork, as knitting, spinning, making twine and ribbons, and in plaiting straw and reeds. By the sale of these articles, the institution obtained considerable addition to its funds. Even during the storms of the Revolution, this establishment, of which, during the Reign of Terror, Robespierre was the

patron, was able to maintain itself; for a very short time only, public sympathy in this generous work cooled down, but after the Egyptian campaign, from which so many soldiers returned blinded, it awoke afresh. Napoleon united Haüy's institution with the old blind hospital of the "Quinze-Vingts;" this had such an injurious effect on the morality of the young pupils, that Haüy, vexed and grieved, withdrew from it altogether, and founded a private establishment. Meanwhile, his mode of instruction had been thoroughly brought to perfection; it was introduced with the best results in England and Germany. Louis Baille invented a cipher by which the blind could write much more easily, and communicate more quickly with their teachers, and with each other.

On the invitation of the Emperor Alexander, Haüy travelled in 1806 to St Petersburg, to establish a blind institution there. After the Restoration in 1816, the Paris blind institution was again separated from the hospital, and once more restored to its original destination. In the year 1822, Valentin Haüy, the great benefactor of the blind, died, esteemed by all and universally regretted. His memory will ever be held in honour by all who take an interest in the elevation of suffering humanity, and by the poor blind folk for whom he did so much, will be especially blessed.

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